THE DIAL

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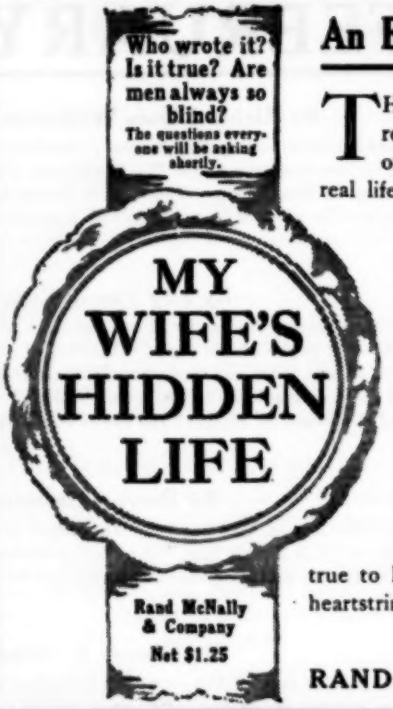

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AMERICAN AND FRENCH IDEALS.

There is no finer work being done for civilization than that undertaken by the distinguished individuals and the organized agencies for the promotion of a better understanding between the more advanced peoples of the world. The cultivation of international good feeling between the great powers may in time provide a solvent medium through whose influence armaments shall crumble and jealous prejudices disappear. The present wasting of the resources of the world upon navies and huge standing armies is the greatest economic and ethical scandal of the age; it makes a mockery of Christianity, sets unnecessary obstacles in the path of progress, and forces philosophers to throw up their hands, exclaiming in despair, "A mad world, my masters!" The madness seems to be growing rather than decreasing, to the superficial view, and there is no feature of the entire situation more disheartening than the deliberate repudiation by our own country of the old-time ideals which gave Americans of the nineteenth century good reason to be prouder of their birthright than the citizens of any other country on earth. It is not surprising that the nations of Europe should be reluctant to beat their swords into plowshares, for their swords have largely made them what they are; but it is amazing beyond words that we, having known and practised the better way for so long, should have taken up with their bad example, and the "rags and shards regilded" which are the wretched symbols of a past based upon force rather than upon the amity which has its sure foundations in mutual respect and sympathetic understanding. The true missionaries of civilization are the men who go forth into other lands than their own to invite and express good will and to soften the asperities which selfish diplomacy and irresponsible journalism and the spirit of blatant chauvinism so wantonly engender in international relations. Such men as Lord Haldane, Viscount Bryce, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the recipients (with one exception) of the Nobel peace prize, and the exchange professors on the various foundations established between this country and England, France, Germany, and Denmark, should do much to inaugurate the dawn of a new era in which the

armed hostility of civilized peoples should become monstrous and unthinkable.

Such relations of friendliness and mutual comprehension have already become firmly grounded between this country and the mother that gave it birth, and have existed for over a century between us and the power that allied itself with our precarious fortunes in the dark winter of Valley Forge. It was France that quickened our budding national life with the ideals of democracy long before she learned how to apply to her own case the teachings of her political philosophers, and it is with France that we have had friendly, and even affectionate, relations longer than with any other foreign nation. A recent sign of this friendship is the establishment of the Comité France-Amérique, under whose auspices a series of addresses have been made in Paris during the past year, concerned with the historic, artistic, and social relations of the two countries, these addresses being now published (Paris: Alcan) in a volume entitled "Les Etats-Unis et la France." Ten writers contribute to this collection, four Frenchmen and six Americans, the latter being Messrs. J. H. Hyde, Paul W. Bartlett, Walter V. R. Berry, J. Mark Baldwin, W. Morton Fullerton, and David J. Hill. These American contributions discuss the relations between the sculpture of the two countries, their social life, their historical bonds, their politics, their national ideals in the broader sense, and the effects that the Panama Canal may be expected to have upon their future intercourse. These are all valuable studies, which both Frenchmen and Americans may read with profit, making, as they do, for a better understanding between the two nations.

It is to the introductory paper upon "La Pensée Américaine et la Pensée Française," contributed by M. Emile Boutroux, that we wish especially to direct attention. The author seeks to discover the formula of American thought as it presents itself to the philosophical observer, much as Mr. Herrick, in the essay which we discussed a recent issue, has sought to determine that formula from the standpoint of the American novelist. It remains somewhat vague in both cases, because of the immense variety of the material which has to be synthesized, and M. Boutroux's treatment must be described as informed and amiable rather than as searching and profound. The author's conclusions are thus summarized:

"The human ideal which she endeavors to realize is conceived by America as a synthesis, made up of all the forms of humankind that nature creates, in such manner that each of them, thus brought into universal unity, preserves its own character and its own autonomy. French thought, for its part, springing from the original medium which is constituted by French society, makes out of the ideal man a sort of Platonic idea, which is the outcome of neither analysis nor synthesis, but appears as a kind of creation. The American idea of humanity is the richest possible; the French idea has for its content human nature in its purest and loftiest guise."

Restated, this dictum seems to mean that the American ideal is empirical, and the French ideal rational, which may be allowed as a statement of the present-day attitude, although the American ideal of the fathers had a strictly rationalistic French origin.

In any case, the idealism of a people must be judged by the best forms that its expression assumes. "Let us not be afraid to consider, in both French and American thought, the noblest manifestations, those most worthy of esteem and admiration. True sincerity for the individual, is to bring his life into conformity with the best that is in him, with his deepest and purest ego. Likewise, the true thought of a people is found in the expression of its loftiest conception of its genius and of its mission in the world. For what it wills, ultimately, amidst its confused efforts in all directions, is to realize all the perfection of which it is capable." This is the guiding principle of M. Boutroux in his discussion, and its employment clears the air wonderfully. Looking at us more in detail, he finds in our national life great mobility, an intensely practical turn of mind, the conception of man as a creative force rather than as a puppet of his environment. The American is easily seduced by eccentric and fantastic theories, but it is not merely as novelties that he takes them up, for he aims always at making out of their elements an ever broader and more coherent philosophy of life. If he seems too much devoted to the pursuit of the dollar, it is because its possession means higher efficiency in the accomplishment of the real purposes of civilization. It is a favorite plaint of our humanitarian sentimentalists that our laws and institutions exalt the dollar above the man, but this is one of the emptiest of distinctions. To protect property is one of the most essential methods of protecting all those things of which wealth is but the means, and a nation which becomes lax in safeguarding the legitimate possessions of the individual is in danger of weakening the very foundations of character.

Although his object is to draw a comparison, and discover what valid distinctions may be made between French and American thought, M. Boutroux is forced to admit a fundamental identity in all the essentials, although he finds

a marked difference in the orientation of thought in the two countries. "On both sides," he says, "the same democratic spirit, the same sense of human dignity, the same devotion to political liberty and the principle of national sovereignty, the same natural tastes, cordiality, and simplicity in distinction, the same preoccupation with fine human ideals." This is the sum total of his conclusions, — a more important judgment, we should say, than that expressed in the long passage above quoted, in which the difference in the orientation of thought is stated in abstract philosophical terms.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE ANGLICITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (the strange word has the sanction of the Oxford Dictionary's editor) is menaced by various corrupting influences. Pronunciation, idiom, vocabulary, spelling, all are in danger, and the time seems to be approaching when the language of Shakespeare and the Bible will be as strange to their infrequent readers as is that of Chaucer and Wyclif to the present generation. An effort to postpone that evil day is put forth by the new Society for Pure English, which has recently issued its first pamphlet in furtherance of its laudable purpose, formulating certain basic principles and urging a return to dialectic naturalness and raciness of expression. Words and idioms that smack of the soil whence they sprang are to be revived and cherished, while the artificialities of urban speech need to be repressed. Not only does the thoughtless multitude require guidance and correction in this matter, but it is probable that the educated and the careful are doing their part, often unconsciously, toward breaking up the uniformity and purity of our English tongue. The arts and sciences are flooding the dictionary with new and in many instances ill-constructed terms, journalists are familiarizing us with modes of expression not always worthy of adoption, innovators in spelling are perniciously active, and the foreign languages spoken within our borders add an alien tinge to our speech. Meantime, too, there is the ever-present tendency toward a divorce between the literary and the colloquial medium of communication. As formerly with Latin and other literary languages now dead, book-English is hardly the language of daily conversation, though the divergence is happily not yet far advanced. When Canning wrote on Pitt's monument in the Guildhall the inscription, "He died poor," a pompous alderman objected to the simplicity of the language and wished to substitute, "He expired in indigent circumstances" — a fitting companion-piece to Dr. Johnson's Latinized emendation of the pure Anglo-Saxon that once escaped him. It is only popular education and constant vigilance, the diffusion of good literature and the intelligent activities of such societies as the aforementioned, that can rescue our language from the various perils menacing it and hand down to posterity something that shall resemble the pure and simple speech of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration and at the same time be both the language of literature and the language of daily life.

* * *

STOLEN READING-TIME has often been put to such good use as to justify the theft. Mr. John Muir has told us how, commanded by his father to go to bed soon after supper, and obtaining his consent to use the early morning hours as he chose, he arose morning after morning at one o'clock to apply himself to such studies and other pursuits as took his fancy; and in his case it seems to have been time well stolen from sleep. Where there is an imperious thirst for the knowledge that books give, time will be found for reading. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has a semi-autobiographical chapter on "Learning to Read" in his "Bookman's Letters," recently published. Near the beginning he says: "I have heard very many say that they regret extremely that they have never been able to read as much as they would like. They never have had sufficient time. As a matter of fact, no one who really cared for reading was ever deterred from it by want of time; in fact, I make bold to say that only a small proportion of people have learned in the proper sense how to read. . . . I am afraid that those persons who have learned to read in the sense that they can discriminate between what is good and bad, and that they read the best with delight and relish, are few, and this is surely a great misfortune." The plea that one has no time to read really means, nine times out of ten, and perhaps also the tenth time, that one has no real desire to read, no ravenous hunger for books. The writer quoted above gives some interesting reminiscences of his own reading, and it is amusing to learn that he used formerly to name as his favorite novelist, "the Rev. C. B. Greatrex," author of a tale entitled "Memoranda of a Marine Officer," which ran through several successive volumes of "Hogg's Instructor," and seems to have made a lasting impression on the boy Nicoll. It was "my favorite story," writes the man, "and, to be perfectly candid, I think it is my favorite story still."

* * *

MEDICATED LITERATURE, a term used by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in discussing the writings of Dr. John Brown and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, is not so forbidding as it sounds. Not sterilized or disinfected or sick-room reading is meant by the essayist, but that kind of writing that shows an intimate acquaintance with the tragedies of disease and suffering, and a recognition of the mysterious connection between spirit and flesh. It may also betray unusual insight into human nature, an insight gained by years of daily encounter with the weakness and the fortitude, the pettiness and the greatness, the selfishness and the magnanimity of men and women. If he were writing on this subject to-day, the editor of "The British Weekly" would probably include

one other distinguished author-physician in his list, the lately deceased Dr. Weir Mitchell. What he says of Brown's and Holmes's late rise to literary celebrity is equally true of the gifted Philadelphian, whose special study of nerve diseases gave him opportunities for studying abnormalities and eccentricities of human nature not offered to the general practitioner. A few sentences from the essay referred to will be of interest here. "To say that Dr. John Brown writes from the standpoint of a physician, that his works are medicated, is to pay him a very high compliment. There are few medical men who can lay aside the professional manner in addressing the public. John Brown and Oliver Wendell Holmes succeeded in doing this, and yet the wisdom, the experience, and the pity of the physician appear in all they say. . . . For the most part they avoid technicalities, but they never forget the connection of the mind with the body, and the lessons which long nearness to suffering humanity teach the merciful and the humble." We recall with some amusement the ominous shake of the head with which, years ago, a certain Philadelphia doctor assured us that his friend Mitchell was hurting his reputation by trifling with literature.

* * *

ODDITIES AND OBSTINACIES OF SCHOLARS are notorious. Living so much in a world of their own, men of stupendous learning and profound thought seem often to lose the faculty of responding to outside appeals; and thus what has at last become a psychological impossibility to them is regarded by onlookers as deliberate wilfulness. It is told of the late Henry Bradshaw, librarian at Cambridge University, that he could rarely be induced to write a letter. Certain business correspondence he must have attended to, but beyond that he was inexorably mum, in the epistolary sense. Once a friend, knowing his peculiarity, wrote him an invitation to a week-end outing in the country, and enclosed two addressed postcards, one containing a form of acceptance, the other a declination. Bradshaw was asked to mail the card suitable to the occasion. He mailed them both. The late Steingrimur Stefánsson, of the Library of Congress, a native of Iceland and a scholar of vast learning, which he delighted to place at the disposal of others, is interestingly portrayed in Dr. Putnam's current official report. One who knew him well there says of him: "Whether due to a certain heritage from his Viking ancestors or merely to personal obstinacy, not an uncommon characteristic of the Norse, he could never be prevailed upon to contribute from his immense fund of knowledge to library, bibliographical, or other journals, to take part in library meetings or public activities. He must live his life as he saw it, and, like Peer Gynt, be always himself. This seemed essential to his happiness." There are enough of us who are afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* and the *cacoethes loquendi*, so that we are glad to pay a tribute of admiration and respect to this silent scholar, whose services as head reviser of the catalogue division at the Library of Congress were invaluable, and the fruits of whose labors have, in part, become known to those using the catalogue cards sent out from Washington.

* * *

NEW IDEALS OF LITERARY CRITICISM displace the old; jejune pedantry gives way to stimulating and vitalizing methods of interpreting and illuminating the masterpieces of poetry and drama and essay and fiction. Those whose fortune it was to pursue literary studies at one or more German universities a quarter-century ago will probably be able to recall at least one professor whose exposition of a great author was a masterpiece of microscopic scholarship and learned dulness, and who might have evoked from his hearers some such couplet as the one scratched on a desk in the lecture-room of the renowned theologian Dillmann, in Berlin,—"Wenn schlafen will man, so höre man Dillmann." Professor Oscar Kuhns chanced upon this inscription, as he tells us in his recent book of reminiscences, and unhesitatingly declares: "I cannot say that I found the lectures in Berlin twenty-five years ago very stimulating or interesting. Before the end of the semester the number of attendants would drop down almost to nothing. The bare rooms, the cold, dark mornings of winter, the monotonous delivery of many of the lectures, the listless attitude of the students, all was far from inspiring enthusiasm." At the late meeting of modern language teachers in Cincinnati Professor Goebel, of the University of Illinois, pointed to the failure to find successors to Erich Schmidt and Jacob Minor in the chairs of German literature at the universities of Berlin and Vienna, and gave as a reason the passing of the old school of literary criticism in Germany, the school built up by Scherer in the last generation and notable for its attention to the formal and the scholastic. At present the tendency is to seek the mainsprings of an author's work and to recover something of the life imperfectly expressed by that author. We are no longer content to regard literature as a defunct "specimen" preserved in alcohol.

* * *

LITERARY AID TO THE IMMIGRANT who desires, or ought to desire, to become a good American, is often more beneficial to him than a gift of money. Mr. John Foster Carr's "Immigrant's Guide," published in several languages, has already been approvingly mentioned by us as a most useful book. Also attention has been called to recent Massachusetts library legislation in the interest of the immigrant. An "educational director," working in coöperation with the Public Library Commission, is now exerting every effort to make the foreigner feel more at home in the public library, and to show him how to profit by its resources, while the library's equipment in foreign literature suited to the needs of our polyglot population is receiving additions. The Bay State, with its many factory towns, stands in especial need of just such service as the present incumbent of the new office, Miss J. M. Campbell, is at present so zealously rendering. In the town of Beverly, for instance, it is said that

twenty different languages are spoken; and books in many of these foreign tongues are now to be had at the local library. Particular attention is given to familiarizing the alien with the manners and customs and laws and institutions of his adoptive land through the medium of printed matter in his own language. It is noteworthy that many of these immigrants are said to have been drawn to this country by Miss Antin's glowing descriptions of "the promised land." To them it is a land of opportunity, and Miss Campbell is doing her best to enable them to profit by the opportunity.

* * *

THE RESCUE OF DISAPPEARING BALLADS among our people has been undertaken by the national Bureau of Education, aided by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, Edgar Allan Poe Professor of English in the University of Virginia. When Professor Child compiled his great work, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads," he found that seventeen of the three hundred and five ballads there given were current in various parts of this country. Later researches have added about forty more to this number, and it is proposed to continue the investigation, with the help of school-teachers, librarians, and all others who are willing to lend a hand, until the total number of old ballads and fragments of ballads brought into this country from the mother-land shall have been as nearly as possible ascertained. This is a work that must be prosecuted now, and vigorously, if it is to succeed; for the many agencies operating to obliterate the last traces of survival in this domain of popular poetry will not halt for the convenience of research parties. "State organizations," says Professor Smith, in a circular sent out by the Bureau of Education, "will be found most efficient in this rescue work. Not until each State feels itself responsible for the collection of the ballads surviving in its own borders will the search be even approximately complete or the results at all satisfactory. But when each State joins in a sort of coöperative ballad union, a work may be written that shall prove not less significant and certainly not less interesting to Americans than Professor Child's great work itself." Printed instructions for the guidance of those disposed to aid in this enterprise may be had from the Commissioner of Education, at Washington.

* * *

DURABILITY IN BOOKBINDING is an item of the first importance, especially in public libraries. It is worthy of note that the material now used for this purpose in the reading-room of our national library is buckram. Last year nearly six thousand volumes were bound in buckram for that collection, and thus far the results have been satisfactory. A few words from the annual report of the assistant in charge of this work are here in place. "The buckram now in stock is the very best," he says. "It is equal if not superior to the common leathers and may be safely used for all ordinary work, excepting for the larger and heavier books, which it is probably best to bind in half leather. We lace in the boards all books bound in buckram, except the very thin ones, in the same way as for a leather binding, and theoretically this binding should prove almost as strong as the ordinary leather one." The "almost" we should venture to strike out, remembering the inevitable crumbling tendencies of leather where it serves as hinge to the book-cover. Some strong woven fabric, such as canvas, for elephant folios, would certainly outlast the best of leathers. Continuing his report, Mr. Kimball says: "We have tried to exert an influence toward the more general adoption of buckram binding, but with only partial success, owing to a general feeling, still surviving, that the use of any kind of a cloth binding is derogatory to the book. Ornamental features, such as marbled edges, the use of marbled board papers, and headbands, are omitted, and the cost of material is generally somewhat less." Many of us can remember the time when a silk cover with all sorts of foolish filigree work was considered necessary for a book of poems or a volume of elegant extracts; but this notion has passed, as will, no doubt, in a few years, the prejudice in favor of leather as the only dignified binding for large and dignified books.

* * *

AN UNAPPRECIATED NEPENTHE, offered to those whose weight of sorrowful memories it would remove or materially lighten, is a wasted gift indeed. What securer refuge from the pursuing cares of the irrevocable past could there be than a good book? And yet we are told by an ex-convict from Sing Sing, who contributes to the New York "Evening Post" some reminiscences of his "carceral endurance" (as old John Foxe would put it), that only a minority of the inmates of that famous penal institution make any use of the library placed at the disposal of them all. To be sure, he describes this library as "a poor affair," but it cannot be so poor as to be without a considerable number of readable books, and with the encouragement of appreciative use the authorities might feel moved to increase that number. Sing Sing has been much in public notice of late, in connection with the alternative plans of addition to the present building or a transfer of its occupants to a rural environment better adapted to the proper work of reformation. The last effort of the late Samuel J. Barrows's life was an unavailing attempt to secure less rigorous conditions for the unfortunates at Sing Sing. Not the least of the needed improvements there one surmises to be a better and a more intelligently-administered library, which might help to make the institution what our ex-convict well says it ought to be, "a training-school for the development of strength of character, instead of being what it is at present, a finishing school for beginners in crime."

* * *

THE INSCRUTABILITY OF GENIUS not infrequently extends even to so subordinate a detail as handwriting. Horace Greeley's scrawl became notorious for illegibility, and the story is well known of his angry upbraiding of a compositor for misinterpreting his manuscript in the columns of the "Tribune,"

but when he was confronted with his own hieroglyphics he became as thoroughly bewildered as had been the manipulator of the types. A like anecdote of Tolstoy is recounted by his son, Count Elie Tolstoy, in the "Revue de Paris." In describing his mother's trials and tribulations as amanuensis to her author-husband the son says (the translation only has reached us): "Being very short-sighted, my mother had to bring her eyes close to the paper to decipher my father's frightful scrawl. The work often took her the whole evening, and kept her busy until long after the rest of the household had gone to bed. When she found a passage which was quite illegible she used to go to papa and ask him to explain it. But that seldom happened, for she was very reluctant to disturb him. When she did so he took the manuscript from her and asked, with evident irritation: 'Well? What is it that you can't understand?' Then he would begin to read it himself, but when he arrived at the puzzling passage he was invariably pulled up and had the greatest difficulty in even guessing what he had written." Nevertheless, no cultivation of illegibility in handwriting will make one a genius, literary or other; and some men of genius, notably Thackeray, have written the most beautifully legible hand.

* * *

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRE OF OUR PUBLIC LIBRARY SYSTEM has never been ascertained with mathematical precision, and it would no sooner be found than it would shift its position a mile or two westward, with our population-centre; for it is probable that the two imaginary points are not many hundred miles apart, and are tending more and more to coincide. The librarian at Newark, N. J., wrote a letter the other day, to be read before the Council of the American Library Association, urging the removal of the Association's headquarters from Chicago to New York, and venturing the assertion that "ten times as many library workers, printers, authors, students, publishers, booksellers, and journalists are found within say three hours' ride of New York as are found within the same distance from Chicago." This may be so, or it may be an excessive estimate; but in any case it is an Atlantic-coast view of the matter, and the rapid spread of our library system over the great central and western regions of the country will in the near future reduce the relative importance of Newark or even New York in the scheme of things bibliothecal. Moreover, as Mr. Dana freely admits, Chicago "gives — and is to be praised therefore — good rooms, rent free, and New York offers nothing." He volunteers to be one to try to raise a fund with which to lure the headquarters back again to the edge of the continent.

* * *

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF COSMOPOLITAN CULTURE goes on apace. International exchange of university professors is accompanied by a like swapping of students, Germany, France, and England being the countries with which our own especially engages in this friendly barter. And now there is proposed by the University of Chili, through the Chilian Minister at Washington, an interchange of similar courtesies between that institution and Harvard, with a limited number of students included in the scheme of give and take. Also one hears of a like plan proposed by Dr. Carlos de Pena, Uruguayan envoy to this country, on behalf of the National University of Uruguay, and the prospect now is that these South American exchanges will be effected next year. Why would not a series of exchanges between Mexican and our own universities tend to the benefit of all concerned, and especially to a more cordial and mutually helpful relation between the nations whose common boundary is the Rio Grande?

COMMUNICATIONS.

REVIVIFYING THE CLASSIC LANGUAGES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Evidently two quite different but not necessarily opposing purposes obtain in the acquirement of the so-called classic languages: one signifies discipline, the other intellectual pleasure. Our pleasure-loving age shuns discipline; and one proof of this statement is to be found in the universal complaint made by the teachers of Latin and Greek that not only fewer pupils take up the study of those languages but also that those doing so seem to find it harder to master them. I believe thoroughly in intellectual discipline, but not in wasted energy. A mental discipline which keeps immature boys for years in studying the elements of Latin and Greek and ends by making them detest the classics, largely because the purpose of their discipline has been to give them the skeleton of the language and even the flesh of it but not the vital spirit — the very term "dead languages" proves that they are treated as corpses to be dissected and not as splendidly living literatures, — seems to me a wicked waste of time.

There are exceptional instances where a boy, like young Sidis, takes to Greek because, being interested in history, he wanted to read Thucydides and Herodotus in the original; but it would be far wiser for most children under the age of twenty to begin with French or German or even Italian, in which languages there is a copious literature suitable for every epoch of a child's life. I am not original in this claim. Ben Franklin in his Autobiography says: "I have thought there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages. We are told that it is proper to begin first with the Latin, and having acquired that, it will be more easy to attain those modern languages which are derived from it; and yet we do not begin with the Greek, in order more easily to acquire the Latin"; and he proceeds to query whether it would not be better "to begin with the French and then take up the classic languages."

John Milton also (in his glorious essay on Education), in speaking of the many mistakes which have made learning so unpleasing and so unsuccessful, says: "We do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year." And further on he adds: "These are not matters to be wrung out of poor striplings like blood out of the nose or the plucking of untimely fruit."

And John Locke, in his wise and noble "Thoughts concerning Education," says of the boy: "As soon as

he can speak English, it is time for him to learn some other language: this nobody doubts of, when French is proposed. And the reason is because people are accustomed to the right way of teaching that language, which is by talking it into children in constant conversation and not by grammatical rules. . . . When he can read and speak French well, which in this method is usually in a year or two, he should proceed to Latin, which it is a wonder parents, when they have had the experiment in French, should not think ought to be learned the same way by talking and reading. . . . Latin I look upon as absolutely necessary to a gentleman; and indeed custom, which prevails over everything, has made it so much a part of education, that even those children are whipped to it and made spend many hours of their precious time uneasily in Latin, who after they are once gone from school, are never to have any more to do with it, as long as they live."

And the wise old Du Bellay, in the sixteenth century, anticipated President Eliot in placing less emphasis on the "humanities." He said: "Car si le tems que nous consumons à apprendre ces dictes langues [Latin and Greek] estoit employé à l'estude des sciences la Nature certes n'est point devenue si brehaigne [sterile] qu'elle n'enfastast de notre tems des Platons et des Aristotes."

I have no objection to a man spending a life-time on a Greek particle or in finding the esoteric significance of the careless writing to be found in Plato or Cæsar, if he can get pleasure or profit from such puerilities; but it makes my blood boil with indignation to see our preparatory schools go on, generation after generation, in the same old stupid course, keeping boys and girls for years on what are called the elements of the classic languages, and, as Milton says, growing "into hatred and contempt of learning," or, as Locke says, abhorring them "for the ill usage it procured" them.

For thousands of years makers of needles put the eye into the shank; suddenly a man came along and put the eye into the neck just above the point, and the sewing-machine was invented. Still the grammars teach students the declensions perpendicularly from nominative singular to ablative plural; whereas if the cases were learned horizontally, it would in two minutes' time save six months of blundering. Every English objective plural ends either in *s* or, in the case of neuters (like phenomena), in *a*. By putting the five vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u*, before this final *s*, one learns in about a minute to recognize practically all the accusatives plural, both nouns and adjectives, in all Latin literature; by changing the *s* to *m* one likewise, though of course not quite so assuredly, gets most of the accusatives singular. The meaningless distinction of First and Second Declensions and the like, resolves into a reasonable vowel sequence. In a similar way the conjugations are learned by the natural divisions of time. Every imperfect has the *ba*, (a sister of the English *was* but more regular) with the almost invariable *mus*, we, *nt*, they, *t*, he or she or it, according to the context. The addition of *ur* makes almost any verb passive. This is only a hint of what steps one may take in learning Latin. I once taught a young woman Latin so that in ten or twelve lessons she was reading Spinoza in the original.

I agree that it might take years to acquire a thorough scientifically-grammatical knowledge of either Greek or Latin, but I would guarantee that any mature person in a week's time might without great strain lay a sufficient basis of Latin and Greek to take the keenest delight in Vergil or Ovid, in Euripides or Plato. Of course I would not ignore what we in college used to call "trots," for a literal translation is only a simplified dictionary. This is merely the application of common sense to the use of brains. The *spirit* of any language may be to a large degree understood and entered into by reading the Gospels or the Psalms, with which one is presupposed to have some degree of familiarity. The pronunciation is perfectly simple. The Greek alphabet may be learned in half an hour, by selecting out the letters like and unlike our own and writing the unfamiliar ones down with their equivalents a few times.

Let me say again, this is wholly and solely for the sake of the literary value of Greek and Latin literature, and for the intense delight which it gives. I try to read a little Greek every day, and the mere sound of the words, the rhymes and alliterations, the musical rhythms, come to the ear of my eye, if I may use such a term, with a sensuous intoxicating exhilaration which I believe even the Greeks themselves, perhaps overfamiliar with the words, could scarcely feel. That is the glory of acquiring a new language — the new words are like newly-minted coins, with the design and the inscription not as yet worn away by familiar use.

Of course pedantic and academic scholars and professors, still bound in the shackles of convention, fight against these theories; and they have been strong enough to resist the suggestions of Milton and Locke and our own wise and sensible Franklin so that the schools and colleges are still following the well-worn, dusty, vegetationless paths to the grave-yards where the dead languages are buried. Armed with mediæval pick and spade they burrow in the valley of dry bones, and the result is that live people detest their methods and are bored to death with articulated skeletons juggled into a sort of punchinello semblance of activity by a stupid apparatus of clumsy strings.

The cone of education stands on its apex instead of resting on its good broad base. I should like to see a revolution turn out the whole system and begin again. Then we should have a Renaissance in literature, and a vast multitude kindled with enthusiasm for the classics, both ancient and modern.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Boston, Jan. 19, 1914.

AN AUXILIARY LANGUAGE FOR INTERCOMMUNICATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The solution of the problem of intercommunication in its broadest sense, the international and unrestricted exchange of useful information, has always been confronted by the barrier of language. There is no *a priori* reason why the quintessence of the modern European tongues might not be extracted, as it were, and made to do good service to civilization in a world daily growing smaller. The writer will not attempt to discuss in detail any of the projects for a purely artificial language. There have indeed been many failures in that field of human ingenuity; but those failures, or the aggregate thereof, have served to point out the way to ultimate success. The auxiliary language which will sooner or later come into fairly universal use as an economic factor will undoubtedly be based upon maximum internationality as governed by regularity and facility.

It has been impossible until very recently to approach this question in any way except as a partisan or an opponent of some particular project. Happily, the problem is now being given consideration from a much

more nearly neutral standpoint, and in a way which promises its removal to the plane of recognized authority. It is high time that this be done, not only to end the controversy and keen rivalry between various projects, but also, what is far more important, to give the world some definite assurance of a way to prevent the fearful economic waste of time, energy, and money involved in the current and so far unavoidable practice of using three or more official languages in every international congress. This practice entails much tedious repetition of remarks and resolutions, and much expense for separate editions of publications, etc. It should suffice that the proceedings of such international conventions be conducted and published in the language of the country in which the meeting occurs, with an interleaved or separate translation in the official auxiliary language for all the rest of the world. Such a plan, which is not at all impossible of fulfilment, would often have the further great advantage that the speakers or authors themselves would write or personally approve the translation. This would go far toward the prevention of serious inaccuracies and preserve the exact meaning of the author, which is so difficult to do when translations are made by another who may have very little knowledge of the technical subject involved. Not only in the international congresses would all concerned receive substantial and lasting benefits from the world-wide adoption and use of a common auxiliary language, but the advantages would be scarcely less important when accruing also to commerce and to tourist travel.

"But," says the patient reader, "this very pleasing prospect seems to be based on only an assumption that some international language will really become officially adopted by the governments. Languages are the result of growth and must have a long history. It is impossible to conceive of spontaneous expression in any but a living language, — such as English or French, for example. To use a conventional language, created by fiat, governmental or otherwise, would mean a loss of comprehensiveness, of flexibility, and of precision. It would mean a limited and stilted manner of expression of thought, which would be quite inadequate and unsatisfactory. It can never be."

If the good reader has allowed himself thus to be blinded by his prejudice, his pre-judgment, he is grievously mistaken. Let him awake and look around. If he cannot see the signs of the times, let him put his ear to the ground and listen to the mighty rumble of the gathering legions of internationalism, those vast armies of peace which are marching forward valiantly to a glorious victory for humanity, and to the destruction of barriers between peoples and peoples, man and man. The barrier of language will not and cannot be broken down by the adoption of English or any other living tongue, whether brought about by commercial supremacy or any other means. That would give far too great an advantage to the nation whose mother tongue was thus favored. Equity, mutual fairness, and the necessities of the case demand the adoption, not of a purely artificial idiom, but of the quintessence of the modern languages of western and southern Europe, — not a mere mixture, but a composite, logically developed by the collaboration of scholars.

In this state of affairs, therefore, it is but natural and appropriate that at the Eighth International Congress of Students held in Ithaca, N. Y., August 29 to September 3, 1913, which was attended by two hundred representatives of thirty countries, the following resolution was adopted:

"The Congress declares itself heartily in favor of an auxiliary language and expresses the earnest hope that the adherents of Esperanto and Ido (reformed Esperanto) may unite in a common effort to secure the appointment of an official commission for the purpose of thoroughly studying the problem, and adopting an official international auxiliary language."

This resolution may, and quite possibly will, bear fruit even sooner than its framers anticipated. The Association for the creation of a Universal Language Bureau, founded in Berne on February 27, 1911, and entered in the Commercial Register, has for its immediate object the presentation of an address to the Swiss Federal Council, in which the latter is to be requested to send a confidential inquiry to other governments as to whether or not they are willing to give their support to the summoning of an official provisional conference. This conference will undertake preliminaries with regard to combining together as many governments as possible into a Universal Language Union, similar to the Universal Postal Union. The foundation of this Universal Language Union and the creation of a Universal Language Bureau are then reserved for an official congress of the governments concerned. This congress will have to form the definite conclusions which will be based upon the preliminary labors of the provisional conference.

As a foundation for the step to be taken by the Swiss Federal Council and for the labors of the provisional conference, the Association will undertake, with the help of experts, a draft of an international treaty for the introduction of a universal language, and incorporate such draft in their memorial.

On the other hand, the choice of the international auxiliary language which is to be proposed for official recognition will be left to the international conference. *The Association is perfectly neutral in regard to the various systems of universal language.*

The officers of the Association are as follows:

Honorary President: Colonel Emil Frey, Ex-Federal Councillor, Director of the International Bureau of the Telegraph-Union in Berne.

President: Dr. A. Gobat, National Councillor, Director of the International Peace Bureau in Berne.

Vice-Presidents: Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, Privy Councillor, member of the Royal Saxon Academy of Sciences (Gross-Bothen, Leipzig). Anton Waltisbuhl, Mannfacturer (Zürich). Aristide Rollier, Judge (Berne).

Secretary: H. Behrmann, Director of the Official Information Bureau (Berne).

Treasurers: Eugen v. Buren–v. Salis, Banker (Berne). Ernst Witschi, of the firm of Eugen v. Büren & Co. (Berne).

While the Association is absolutely neutral in its attitude toward the various projects for an auxiliary language, it is nevertheless interesting to receive from another quarter some indication as to the general character of what may become the strongest candidate for selection. On this point some light is thrown by the following extracts from "The Scientific American" Supplements, as cited:

"The result is a language (Ido) which may be mastered readily by anybody and which has this advantage over other artificial languages, that it is based on rational, scientific, technical principles, and therefore is not exposed to the danger of being supplanted by the creation of a still better

and materially different language." (Supplement 1795, May 28, 1910, page 346.)

"Esperanto has suffered because it has fallen into the hands of scientifically untrained persons, and sometimes into the hands of fanatics." (Supplement 1798, June 18, 1910, page 398.)

"The language of the Delegation (Ido) is very capable of expressing difficult passages with all possible fidelity." (*Ibid*, page 399)

This whole question, therefore, certainly seems at last to have entered the realm of practical life and seriousness to the extent that it is entitled to very careful consideration.

Indeed, the Swedish Parliament in Stockholm, about three years ago, gave some consideration to a proposition which contemplated the making of an official investigation, by the Parliament, of the whole question of an international language. Very lively interest was aroused in the Parliament, and the proposition as presented was finally defeated by a very narrow margin with a minority vote of ninety or more members, or nearly fifty per cent, which certainly constituted a very respectable support for the plan. Numerous other nations have found themselves and their literature more or less isolated from the world at large owing to the fact that their mother tongues were not widely understood. This is a serious handicap against scientific study and research, and particularly against the publication of new discoveries of a technical nature, because the publisher has at best only a limited clientele to which to present a work of scientific or technical character when printed in any other than one of the languages of wide circulation, such as English, French, or German. If, on the contrary, a publisher of scientific works could appeal to the entire world for support of such a book printed in an auxiliary language generally understood, it would incalculably advance the cause of education.

Some little progress has already been made in the compilation of an international lexicon of commercial terms; which, if made available for general use by the world of commerce, would be of inestimable value.

It is true that to Switzerland, as the home of internationalism, belongs the privilege of taking the initiative in the formation of a Universal Language Union and Bureau; but at the same time, without detracting in the least from the honor which belongs to Switzerland, it remains for some great nation to secure the almost equal honor of being the first to support the initial steps, which no doubt will be taken in Berne.

One can easily foresee the renaissance of that glorious time when scientists were able to intercommunicate by means of a language common to all. That language will not be Latin, but the international language, which ought to be the quintessence of the modern European tongues. It will not be truly artificial, but essentially natural, founded upon the principle of maximum internationality, governed by regularity and facility.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

Chicago, Jan. 20, 1914.

"TAINTED" BOOK REVIEWS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A newspaper publisher in a town in the Middle West whom I recently visited told me an astonishing thing. He said he was one of eight men similarly employed in towns from Baltimore to Des Moines who have entered into an agreement with a New York advertising concern to print syndicated book-reviews sent out by this concern from New York in consideration of receiving advertising from a number of book-publishers, including some of the leading houses of the country. My friend did not seem to see anything wrong in this arrangement. On the contrary, he thought it an excellent idea. He was guaranteed a greater amount of advertising, and he was going to dispense with his book critic, or at least transfer him to another department.

As a book-buyer this seems to me a sinister move. I have always read book reviews where they seemed to be unbiassed; and I have frequently bought books, particularly fiction, on the recommendation of reviewers upon whose judgment I had come to rely. I have always thought book reviews a natural service for a newspaper of repute, just as is theatrical criticism or editorial comment. But if literary criticism in the daily press is to depend on book advertising, and is to be furnished, not by a local critic whose taste and judgment you perhaps know personally to be honest, but by a hired corps of men in New York who are paid, practically, by the publishers, I should like to ask, in the idiom of the day, "Where do we get off?"

Some years ago a hue-and-cry was raised by the exposure of the fact that certain trusts, then under investigation by the government, maintained expensive publicity bureaus which put forth matter favorable to the companies and got it published in newspapers on the corporations' payroll. This was called "tainted news." It was bad enough; but now we have tainted book reviews!

This may be too small a matter to excite the indignation of the public, but I consider it only the first step towards the debauching of the press. I am informed that there is a movement already on foot to organize theatrical criticism on the same basis. Editorial comment will probably come next.

It is true that this affair, so far, only touches eight cities of the second class; but if it succeeds, — and both parties to the agreement appear to be satisfied of its success already,— how long will it be before it reaches out and envelops the chief cities of the union?

BOOK-BUYER.

Chicago, Jan. 24, 1914.

A PROTEST.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As a friend of THE DIAL, may I venture to express my surprise that you should have allowed to be printed the wholly uncalled for animadversion upon the Society of Friends contained in a review of the work of T. B. Read in your issue of January 1?

Your reviewer believes that the Quaker doctrine seems in practice "capable of creating more whited sepulchres than any other creed ever known," and in evidence devotes nearly half a column to the story of a case somebody told him about. The dictum of your reviewer may or may not be true,— he would be hard put to prove it; but what has it to do with the discussion of a poet who was neither a Quaker nor a whited sepulchre? The reputation of the small Christian body impugned, whose influence in the humanitarian progress of the race is well known, is not likely to be noticeably affected by the aspersions referred to; but it seems to me that the injection of such irrelevant, personal matter into reviews is neither just nor politic, and unworthy of THE DIAL'S unique standing as an American journal of criticism.

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

Pasadena, Calif., Jan. 15, 1914.

The New Books.

Francis Thompson: His Life and His Work.*

With Mr. Everard Meynell's Life of Francis Thompson we are given probably the last tribute from a family whose devotion to a great singer would, of itself, ensure that family a memorable place in the history of English poetry. Many a young poet will envy Thompson this devotion, sublimated as it is with a fine harmony of reticence and frankness, strong as it is with a loyalty so sincere, so enduring, so clear-eyed. And the biography comes as no anti-climax. In the most approved manner of modern biography, and with the characteristic self-effacement of his family, Mr. Everard Meynell allows the singer to reveal himself, as far as may be, in innumerable passages of prose and poetry, published and unpublished, which are chosen and inserted with a creative sureness which everyone will enjoy but which will be fully appreciated only by those who know from experience the extreme difficulty of achieving a literary portrait that is also a work of art. In addition, the book is opulent with verbal snap-shots and reminiscent sketches from scores of people who knew the poet. When it becomes necessary, as it often does, for the biographer to come forward and speak in his own person, he is obviously confronted by a great responsibility. No one who cannot himself write prose with distinction should dare to dally with the Promethean fire of quotation. But Mr. Meynell has set the jewels of the poet and his circle into a rich and vigorous metal that glows in warm and perfect harmony.

This book, furthermore, takes its place among certain critical studies still rare because they require epical toil and vision, but increasing steadily in number because they mark the beginnings of a new Fine Art that irresistibly brings more and more strenuous and lofty writers to emulate its first representations. This kind of estimate, which has been called "collective criticism" by Professor W. T. Brewster and others, was perhaps first effectively worked out by Mr. John Mackinnon Robertson in his essay on Poe. It withdraws much of the overemphasis now placed on sources and analogues to approach the author through a large body of his critics, and, by catching each evasive light from the myriad facets of personalities, environments, and epochs of an army of writers, impressionistic, historical, and judicial, it gradually finds the full vision wherewith to build a great temple, at once impersonal and finely personal, which will stand solid and stately and indestructible in the storm centre of whims and moods, of fierce vituperation and frantic eulogy. Even in the case of Francis Thompson, a singer of our own generation, such a method brings astonishing perspective under the impartial and artful hands of Mr. Meynell. Shrewd thrusts and irresistible lauds, dyspeptic attacks and blind praises, conventional whims and keen prophecies swarm through these pages cheek by jowl. We hear the voices of a motley but most representative company: Coventry Patmore, with his prophecies and his arrogance, leaves his new celestial comrades, Elijah, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, to return to us as though in the flesh; Ernest Dowson, in the midst of his slums and his agony of indulgence, reveals in his verses faint and lovely echoes of Thompson's diction; Mr. Yeats greets warmly a distant but a fellow dreamer; the leading reviews snarl and patronize; Miss Agnes Tobin turns from her Petrarch to the lover of the Virgin Mary; that stirring old despot Henley flings the biting gibe and capricious but precious praise; George Meredith banters like a Titan and quotes with hearty joy to the shy singer himself some of the awed and fragile and imperishable lines out of "Love in Dian's Lap." As we read of Cardinal Manning and Richard Le Gallienne, of Arthur Symons and Aubrey De Vere, of Norman Gale and William Archer, of Robert Browning and John Davidson, our new perspective will at least dispel the superstition of cult-worship that hounded Thompson from the beginning to the end of his literary career.*

If Mr. Meynell is generous and sensible in his inclusion of animadversions on Thompson's poetry, he is no less frank in his revelation of the facts of the man's life. And he is certainly

*The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. Illustrated. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Works of Francis Thompson. In three volumes. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Since this review is to be frankly eulogistic, and since the essays of the moment still make the threadbare remark first made in the nineties that Thompson has been cursed by the overpraise of a narrow cult, it may be well for me to follow briefly Mr. Robertson's suggestion in "Essays Towards a Critical Method" and give the reader a brief account of myself. For the present purpose a few negative remarks will do. I am not a Roman Catholic. I do not know the Meynells. I am not a Thompsonian faddist, but discovered the poet for myself when I was a sophomore in college in the year 1903, long before the hue and cry over Thompson and before any of my friends had heard of him. I take the liberty of adding that though I have my own little quarrels with Thompson, I find, after having read a good many recent reviews on him, that I shall perforce be too busy with eulogy to find space or inclination to touch upon my grievances.

no less sensible. For the facts reveal, not that Max Nordau and his followers are right about genius, but simply that Francis Thompson was a saint. His whole life was a superb and pious and immortal protest against our present formula that life is (and should be) a struggle for existence. A friend of mine puts it very happily in a letter written after reading the biography:

"Instead of being a divine vagrant, Thompson might have been a chubby and tidy person of irreproachable habits; but he couldn't be both at once. When the records are cast up, I think it is the chubby and tidy people who will stand most in need of apologies, rather than such men as Thompson."

In the hardest and most unspiritual decades of the nineteenth century, the decades against which Matthew Arnold had raised his voice almost in vain, Thompson's life was the life of an untheatrical martyr, a perfect refutation of neo-aristocracy,—the aristocracy of family trees (generally dying at the top), the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of efficiency, all the shallow and ugly sophistries that have grown up about the profound truth of the survival of the fittest. Francis Thompson, who never dreamed an injury and never looked at a cudgel, the consumptive who almost literally vanished slowly from the earth, will go down to fame as the deadly and irresistible foe of the noisy heroes of our age. He was the anti-superman.

We must allow space for two glimpses of Thompson's life as revealed in the biography. When, like De Quincey, the poet wandered in agony and poverty and helplessness, a runaway outcast, through the long, gaunt streets of London, he found, like De Quincey, his Ann.

"This girl gave out of her scant and pitiable opulence, consisting of a room, warmth, and food, and a cab thereto. When the streets were no longer crowded with shameful possibilities she would think of the only tryst that her heart regarded and, a sister of charity, would take her beggar into her vehicle at the appointed place and cherish him with an affection maidenly and motherly, and passionate in both these capacities. Two outcasts, they sat marvelling that there were joys for them to unbury and to share. Then, in a Chelsea room such as that of Rossetti's poem would they sit:—

"Your lamp, my Jenny, kept alight,
Like a wise virgin's, all one night!
And in the alcove coolly spread
Glimmers with dawn your empty bed.

"Weakness and confidence, humility and reverence, were gifts unknown to her except at his hands, and she repaid them with graces as lovely as a child's, and as unhesitating as a saint's. In his address to a child, in a later year, he remembers this poor girl's childishness:—

"Forlorn, and faint, and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star,
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed, — O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.
Therefore I kissed in thee
The heart of Childhood, so divine for me;
And her, through what sore ways
And what unchildish days.
Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.
Therefore I kissed in thee
Her, Child! and innocency.

"Her sacrifice was to fly from him: learning he had found friends, she said that he must go to them and leave her. After his first interview with my father he had taken her his news. 'They will not understand our friendship,' she said, and then, 'I always knew you were a genius.' And so she strangled the opportunity; she killed again the child, the sister; the mother had come to life within her — she went away. Without warning she went to unknown lodgings and was lost to him. In 'the mighty labyrinths of London' he lay in wait for her, nor would he leave the streets, thinking that in doing so he would make a final severance. Like De Quincey's Ann, she was sought, but never found, along the pavements at the place where she had been used to find him."

When Mr. Wilfrid Meynell pulled some dirty manuscripts from a pigeon-hole of his desk and found that they were the work of genius he despatched letters in vain, and finally went to seek the unknown author at a chemist's shop to which the poet had directed him to send his mail.

"[Mr. Meynell's] obvious eagerness prompted a query from the man behind the counter: 'Are you a relative? he owes me three-and-ninepence.' With that paid and a promise of ten-and-sixpence if he produced the poet, he agreed to do his best, and, many days after, my father, being in his workroom, was told that Mr. Thompson wished to see him. 'Show him up,' he said, and was left alone.

"Then the door opened, and a strange hand was thrust in. The door closed, but Thompson had not entered. Again it opened, again it shut. At the third attempt a waif of a man came in. No such figure had ever been looked for; more ragged and unkempt than the average beggar, with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes, he found my father at a loss for words. 'You must have had access to many books when you wrote that essay,' was what he said. 'That,' said Thompson, his shyness at once replaced by an acerbity that afterwards became one of the most familiar of his never-to-be-resented mannerisms, 'that is precisely where the essay fails. I had no books by me at the time save Æschylus and Blake.' There was little

to be done for him at that interview save the extraction of a promise to call again. He made none of the confidences characteristic of a man seeking sympathy and alms. He was secretive and with no eagerness for plans for his benefit, and refused the offer of a small weekly sum that would enable him to sleep in a bed and sit at a table. I know of no man, and can imagine none, to whom another can so easily unburden himself of uneasiness and formalities as to my father. To him the poor and the rich are, as the fishes and the flames to St. Francis, his brothers and his friends at sight, even if these are shy as fishes and sightless as flame. But the impression of the visit on my father was of a meeting that did not end in great usefulness — so much was indicated by a manner schooled in concealments. But Francis came again, and again, and then to my father's house in Kensington. Of the falsity of the impression given by his manner, his poetry in the address to his host's little girl is the proof:

"Yet is there more, whereat none guesseth, love!
Upon the ending of my deadly night
(Whereof thou hast not the surmise, and slight
Is all that any mortal knows thereof),
Thou wert to me that earnest of day's light,
When, like the back of a gold-mailéd saurian
Heaving its slow length from Nilotic slime,
The first long gleaming fissure runs Aurorian
Athwart the yet dun firmament of prime.
Stretched on the margin of the cruel sea
Whence they had rescued me,
With faint and painful pulses was I lying;
Not yet discerning well
If I had 'scaped, or were an icicle,
Whose thawing is its dying.
Like one who sweats before a despot's gate,
Summoned by some presaging scroll of fate,
And knows not whether kiss or dagger wait;
And all so sickened is his countenance
The courtiers buzz, 'Lo, doomed!' and look at him askance:—
At fate's dread portal then
Even so stood I, I ken,
Even so stood I, between a joy and fear,
And said to mine own heart, 'Now, if the end be here!'"

So it came about that the anti-superman was armed even at the close of the nineteenth century with the armor of pure charity, like Bunyan's Christian, for a mighty battle with the most sinister forces of modern life.

Thompson's prose, now first authoritatively selected in the three-volume edition of the "Works," gives me more courage than anything I have seen since the happy day when I first read the lovely sentences of Professor Mackail's latest volumes. This prose of Thompson's, since it is the prose of a poet, will be of inestimable value to us in this generation, debauched as we are by the quickstep of journalism. There is another influence against which it will react, I think, with good effect, an influence which one is supposed to mention nowadays in an awed whisper — the influence of French prose. Arnold certainly did a great service in calling our attention to what we could learn from the marvellously supple prose across the channel. And to those who can relish Arnold's irony, there will be at least one quality evident in proof of the value of Arnold's taste for himself. Yet, strangely enough, the most perfect passages in Arnold, such as the famous sentences about Oxford "spreading her gardens to the moonlight" and the haunting prelude to the essay on Emerson, — those passages in what Professor Gates called Arnold's fourth manner, "intimate, rich in color, intense in feeling, almost lyrical in tone," those passages so pathetically infrequent in the work of this too stern self-inquisitor, — are the very passages which owe nothing whatever to French prose. To whom, then, do they owe the most? Certainly not to our eighteenth century prosemen, whom some uphold as our greatest, — as rivals, even if humble rivals, of the French. Undoubtedly Arnold's fourth manner was inspired by the man who was celebrated in one of those very passages — John Henry Newman. And who taught Newman to write prose? To a great extent, De Quincey. And De Quincey learned the secrets of his mighty rhythms and his imperial opulence from the ornate English writers of the seventeenth century. Is it not true that when we survey the greatest prose of England we find at least a fourth written by our poets; about half of it written by prose-writers who were really very fervid poets in spirit, — Malory, Hooker, Taylor, the King James translators, Browne, Burke, De Quincey, Lamb, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Pater (for all his half-true protestations of French lineage); and, finally, do we not find that barely a fourth has been written by men like Swift? The ornate style is the English style, our heritage from the spacious days of the English renaissance. And, though the purer currents of the simpler eighteenth century prose and the wonderful cadences from France are a most wholesome interblending, we should not forget our imperatorial birthright. Francis Thompson, in an age when our prose-writers, though still phrasing brilliantly, were beginning to lose their grasp of rhythm, wrote the true English prose. A fair characterization of his own style and an excellent example of it may be found in a sentence that he wrote on Sidney's prose: "It is a prose full of young joy, and young power, and young inexperience, and young melancholy, which is the wilfulness of joy; full of young fertility,

wantoning in its own excess." And, lest some readers draw unjust inferences, lest they doubt the sound sense of Thompson, let me add another example of his prose and an admirable example of his fine critical acumen,—a sentence on his beloved De Quincey:

"A little, wrinkly, high-foreheaded, dress-as-you-please man; a meandering, inhumanly intellectual man, shy as a hermit-crab, and as given to shifting his lodgings; much-enduring, inconceivable of way, sweet-hearted, fine-natured, small-spited, uncanny as a sprite begotten of libraries; something of a bore to many, by reason of talking like a book in coat and breeches—undeniably clever and wonderful talk none the less; master of a great, unequal, seductive, and irritating style; author of sixteen delightful and intolerable volumes, part of which can never die, and much of which can never live: that is De Quincey."

Thompson's prose in the collected Works and the hitherto unpublished fragments in the Life will also be of great value in giving pause to many who have been content to mouth certain commonplaces of criticism against him which have been continuously current since 1894. We learn now that his reviewers have been right in pointing out that there were echoes from Patmore, Coleridge, Crashaw, and an army of others. Indeed, Mr. Everard Meynell is very glad to supplement the notions of the critics not only with confessions from Thompson but with some most suggestive parallel passages and observations of his own. Nevertheless, with all this in mind, the wary critic as he rereads the poems will, it is hoped, learn a lesson of supreme importance to his generation. Let him reread also the poetry of Oscar Wilde and note that, while both poets can change like the chameleon, as the iridescent memories of a hundred singers surge through them, Oscar Wilde was insincere and therefore (except in a few master poems) only a very interesting workman, but Francis Thompson was sincere and therefore a great poet. The wary critic will then reflect that, in spite of the futurists, a man may, without going to the old extremes prescribed by some eighteenth-century critics, follow certain immortal models. The wary critic will remember that Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer unblushingly did just this. And he will perhaps come to the conclusion that some of our modern artists have confused newness with originality. He will, in fine, observe that few supreme artists have cared much whether what they sought to do had been done before, but rather they have trembled with convictions that flamed out from the midst of their groping comrades like the fierce jet of a huge forge in a grim city at night.

One other comment that was once thought an easy truism will be uttered less sweepingly when we have pondered this new prose and reread the poems,—namely, the old jeer at Thompson's diction. In this matter, too, since 1894, Thompson has been attacked for archaisms, coinages, and sacerdotalisms. Without the assistance of an Academy of wiseacres, Anglo-Saxondom has always contrived to be ponderously suspicious of archaisms, even when these have been drawn almost straight from a Cynewulfian Northumbria or an Alfredian Wessex. As for Latinisms—anathema! I am inclined to think that if the dream of an English Academy,—a dream indulged in from at least the days of old Spratt, the biographer of Cowley, to the days of Matthew Arnold's great essay,—were to come true, this Academy would know enough to take the opposite view from the French Academy, which, for the sake of its tranquil and silvery and softly musical language, is judiciously cautious: this English Academy would, I believe, be very tolerant of archaisms in our restless oceanic language. After many years spent in the study of Edmund Spenser, who has been a storm-centre on this matter from 1579 to 1914, I find much solace in murmuring to myself the words of shrewd old Thomas Fuller on the poet's poet: "And though some blame his Writings for the many Chaucerisms used by him, yet to the Learned they are known not to be blemishes but rather beauties to his Book." Archaisms and coinages generally go together,—see Spenser and Milton. We should be a little less tolerant of coinages than of archaisms. And of course we must remember always the rules of Horace, which are perfectly sound and quite invaluable and absolutely impossible. Our multifarious, questing English language will pause over these rules occasionally, just long enough to keep from going mad; but our language is, unlike all other Anglo-Saxon institutions, absolutely without stolidity. As for the sacerdotalisms, they are often very beautiful when one finds out what they mean. Ecclesiastico-mania is doubtless bad enough, but it is a venial sin compared with the vice popular among many of Thompson's critics,—ecclesiastico-phobia. I am not averse to reading a poet, for a while, with a dictionary at my elbow. And as far as Thompson is concerned, I never read him without resolving to plunder him some day of those same beautiful sacerdotalisms. Finally, now that his prose works and biography are in my hands, I shall be very

careful about using the rapier on a man who can weigh his words as nicely as the following passage indicates:

"Of 'nervure'; I should not, in a like passage, use *cuticle* of a flower or leaf: because it is a *streaky* word — its two *k* sounds and mouse-shrewd *u* make it like a wire tweaked by a plectrum. The *u* of nervure is not only unaccented, therefore unprominent in sound, but the soft *v* and *u* quite alter its effect from that it has when combined with *k*'s and parchment-tight *t*'s."

And a friendly critic of Thompson writes as follows:

"The labour, the art, the studious vocabulary are locked together within the strenuous grasp of the man's sincerity. There is no dissociating, no disintegrating, such poems as these; and Francis Thompson's heart beats in the words '*roseal*,' '*cymars*,' '*frore*,' '*amiced*,' '*lamped*,' and so forth."

With these passages in mind I recall an extraordinary sentence in an English essay on Thompson not yet a year old:

"His thought is conventional, it is the diarrhœtical flux of language which mystifies, which shrieks and hisses by its persistent shock and turgidity, by its linguistic nodes and rugosities."

Imagine the unholy joy with which a provincial English weekly would hail such a sentence from an American! Doubtless its writer would accuse me of lacking a sense of humor; but I must confess that my impresssion is of a little man with a cracked voice trying to roar down his intended victim, in the manner of Dr. Johnson, or essaying, with petty irritation, the tremendous guffaw of Rabelais.

Finally, Thompson's poems, reread with the prose in our minds and the chapter in the biography on "Mysticism and Imagination" open before us, teach us that it is wrong to accuse Thompson's thought of conventionality. The world is full of mystics to-day. There are, first of all, the new-fangled mystical cults founded mainly by honest but rather shallow people, who, having conned the A B C of an attitude older than the oldest forests of India, put forward their results as a new religion and draw many equally honest and rather more shallow people in their muddy wake. Yet, on the whole, good will come from them. Then there is the school celebrated in Mr. Arthur Symons's masterly volume on "The Symbolist Movement." Most of the people of this school are really materialists, but they cover, generally with perfect sincerity, their materialism with a thin and leprous and alluring veil that they call mysticism. I believe that some of these people will leave, for all their decadence, works of art that are enduring, but never supreme. Francis Thompson was a true mystic, and to him a few thinkers will go for many centuries. Nor will they who go to him all be Catholics. For some of them will be steeped in the philosophy of ancient India, and more of them will be Platonists who will know him "by a secret sign." But most brotherly of all will be those who can gather out of all of these the perfect flowers of wisdom. They will know Thompson's faults better than any other critics have known them; but, quite naturally, they will choose to be silent.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY.

IN SOUTH AMERICAN WILDS.*

As a veteran explorer, Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor needs no introduction to the reader of works on travel. Since his thrilling experiences in Thibet sixteen years ago, he has penetrated supposedly inaccessible parts of Persia, Afghanistan, and Africa; yet it is doubtful if the account of any of his past achievements can approach in variety of incident or perils encountered the narrative of his journey just completed through the wildest portion of South America.

A detailed account of Mr. Savage Landor's latest explorations would obviously fall outside the scope of this review; yet some indication may be given of the magnitude of his task and of the results attained. In all, the author travelled over thirteen thousand miles in South America, and of this enormous distance some five thousand miles were through regions in Brazil hitherto either unknown or but little explored. His itinerary led him from Rio de Janeiro, in a general northwesterly direction, through the interior states of Goyaz, Matto Grosso, and Amazonas, — regions watered by the great rivers Xingu, Tapajoz, and Madeira. The object of the expedition was to study the geography and geology of this vast area, much of it uncharted; to learn something definite about the Indians of central Brazil; and to investigate the economic resources of a territory still largely unexploited.

From the first, the journey was fraught with hardships and peril. It was found all but impossible to persuade anyone in Brazil to embark on the expedition; and as a last resort the author was forced to employ, at ridiculously high wages, six ex-convicts as his companions. The journey begun with such unfavorable auspices repeatedly threatened to end in disaster.

* ACROSS UNKNOWN SOUTH AMERICA. By A. Henry Savage Landor. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Again and again Mr. Savage Landor had to quell a mutiny, and on several occasions his life was in imminent danger. But even more remarkable than the successive escapes from his followers was his triumph over natural obstacles. His original intention was to pass through the very heart of Brazil, riding from the terminus of the railway in Minas Geraes to Manaos, the capital of Amazonas, a distance of between three and four thousand miles. But after eight hundred miles had been traversed he discovered that his worthless companions, in order to force him to retrace his steps, had thrown away most of his large stock of provisions. To escape starvation, the party made a detour to the south, and reached the ancient settlement of Diamantino, the last frontier post of civilization in central Brazil. With what supplies he could purchase, Mr. Savage Landor now determined to descend from its source the great Tapajos River, one of the most powerful tributaries of the Amazon. The account of the journey down the hitherto unexplored portions of this stream is thrilling in the highest degree. Perilous waterfalls, treacherous whirlpools, deadly rapids, — "in comparison with which those of Niagara are child's play," — taxed the skill and endurance of the party to the utmost. At times they were even obliged to drag the two-thousand-pound canoe over low mountain ranges, after blazing a trail through the native forest.

The last stage of Mr. Savage Landor's explorations in Brazil not only surpassed in hardship and suffering everything that had preceded, but seemed fated to end in tragedy. Since the canoe, by this time unserviceable, had to be abandoned at a government station, the author heroically insisted on pushing forward on foot, through the unexplored region between Tapajos and Madeira Rivers. But again his plans were balked by the perfidy of his followers. Supplies intended to last many months were surreptitiously destroyed, until at length the little party, entirely cut off from civilization, passed sixteen days practically without food. Further attempts to cut a path through the forest were impossible owing to the weakness of the men; escape by water seemed out of the question, as the native timbers were all too heavy to float. The ingenious expedient by which Mr. Savage Landor succeeded in rescuing himself and his companions from this frightful *impasse* may best be described in his own words:

"We felt in such a plight that we lay helpless upon the floor of the hut, quite unable to move, so exhausted were we. In turning my head around I discovered ten large demijohns, some two and one-half feet high and about two feet in diameter, of thick green glass. They were the usual demijohns — *garaffons*, as they were called — used all over Brazil for 'fire-water.' I at once conceived the idea of using them as floats in the construction of a raft.

"My men grinned contemptuously at the idea when I mentioned it to them. They said that all was over. It was no use trying to get away. The Almighty wanted us to die, and we must only lie there and await our end, which was not far off. Benedicto struggled to his knees and prayed to the Almighty and the Virgin, sobbing bitterly all the time.

"I struggled up on my feet and proceeded to carry the big vessels to the river bank, where I intended to construct the raft. The effort to take each heavy bottle those few metres seemed almost beyond me in my exhausted state. At last I proceeded to strip the floor of the hut, which had been made with split *assahy* palms, in order that I might make a frame to which I could fasten the bottles. With a great deal of persuasion I got Filippe and Benedicto to help me. The long pieces of *assahy* were too heavy for our purpose, and we had the additional trouble of splitting each piece into four. It was most trying work in our worn-out condition. Then we had to go into the forest and collect some small liane so that we could tie the pieces together, as we had no nails and no rope.

"The lassitude with which we did our work, and tore down part of the hut in order to build that raft, our only way of salvation, was too pitiful to watch. We absolutely had no strength at all. When we pulled the liane to fasten together the different pieces of palm wood, we were more exhausted than if we had lifted a weight of 200 pounds. As it was, we could not fasten the pieces of wood properly, and when the raft was finished it was indeed a shaky affair."

On this unstable craft the starving men contrived to drift down stream, until they found food and safety in the camp of a rubber collecting expedition.

The remaining experiences of the author, though highly interesting, were in no wise unique. He ascended the Amazon to its source, crossed the Andes by a little-travelled route, traversed the highlands of Peru and Bolivia, and finally returned to Europe via Santiago and Buenos Aires.

It would be a grave injustice to Mr. Savage Landor to assume that he has written merely a chronicle of adventure. From the standpoint of science alone, his work is a storehouse of results and discoveries of real importance, particularly in the field of ethnology. Hitherto little-known Indian tribes, especially the Bororos, inhabiting the interior of Matto Grosso, were carefully studied, and elaborate vocabularies were prepared of their language. At the same time our knowledge of the geology and geography of Central Brazil has been materially increased through the author's methodical and

tireless observations. Even the account of the vast economic possibilities of this virgin territory makes fascinating reading. In fact, so highly did the Brazilian government value the results of this expedition, that it honored Mr. Savage Landor with a grant of four thousand dollars.

In all details of the bookmaker's art, these two handsome volumes leave little to be desired. Several of the author's own wonderful color studies are reproduced, while the two hundred excellent illustrations from photographs enable the reader to follow the party throughout every stage of its remarkable journey.

P. A. Martin.

Old Salem in its Habit as It Lived.*

More than fifty years ago, George Nichols, of Salem, then eighty years old, dictated his autobiography to his daughter, Lydia Ropes Nichols. Now Miss Martha Nichols publishes her grandfather's recollections under the title, "George Nichols, Salem Shipmaster and Merchant." The autobiography is an account at first hand of Salem shipping at the turn of the eighteenth century, when the ships of Salem were known in all the great ports of the world.

George Nichols was born July 4, 1778, in what is now the oldest brick house in Salem, in Derby street near the Custom House. When about a year old his father moved to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the recollections tell an entertaining story of schoolboy life in that old town. It began at "not more than two years of age, when I was sent to an old woman named Molly Shaw, and my cradle was sent with me." Another dame school was followed by two boys' schools, which he remembered chiefly as places where he was cruelly flogged and learned nothing. Naturally he preferred to drive the cow to pasture, to feed the pigs, or to work in the garden. Various pranks recall Tom Bailey, the classic bad boy of Portsmouth. On one occasion when the schoolmaster caught his younger brother, Ichabod, by the ear, "pulling it very violently," George says he could hardly refrain from throwing a large Bible he had in his hand at the master's head. He did not throw the Bible, but he cried out in school, "You are a set of fools altogether."

A year at Phillips Exeter Academy brought the lad under the influence of Benjamin Abbott, to whom he says he owed much of his success in life. Benjamin Abbott was a great teacher, who conducted Phillips Exeter for fifty years. Some of his boys were Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and George Bancroft.

At thirteen George Nichols became a clerk in his father's grocery store, and his school days were over. In 1793, the father, Ichabod Nichols, returned to Salem and went into the shipping business. An experience of a year or so as a shipping clerk whetted the boy's wish "to see the world," and in his seventeenth year he made his first voyage, to Copenhagen and St. Petersburg.

The most interesting part of the autobiography is the account of nine voyages made between 1795 and 1803,—eight years full of work and adventure for the young sailor, who rose rapidly from joint super-cargo to be master of his own ship, the "Active." Captain Nichols's business notes throw light on economic conditions in the first quarter-century of the Republic. The Salem shipping masters were international carriers; they built ships and manned them, and fetched and carried goods wherever they found profitable markets. An American cargo was usually tobacco, sugar, and coffee. Captain Nichols made one coast-wise voyage to Virginia, for tobacco to carry to the north of Europe. But Virginia did not furnish all the tobacco of American cargoes, for the year before, 1797, he went to Alexandria, Egypt, for flour and tobacco, which he sold in the Isle of France, and bought sugar and coffee to carry back to Salem. On another voyage he took tobacco, sugar, and coffee to St. Petersburg, and brought back from Russia hemp, iron, and manufactures. In 1802, he sailed to Sumatra for a cargo of pepper, which he sold in Manila, and bought sugar and indigo. Sailing for Falmouth, England, he went to London, where he learned that France and England were on the verge of war. He sailed at once for Rotterdam, and there cannily waited three weeks until war was declared, when he sold his cargo at an advance of fifty per cent on peace prices.

In December, 1799, Captain Nichols set sail in the ship "Active" on what he describes as "one of the greatest voyages, considering all the circumstances, ever made by a Salem vessel." He carried about $15,000 in specie to Bombay to buy cotton, which he took to London and sold to the East India Company at more than three hundred per cent profit. Reloading in London, he went back to Madras with a cargo of English

*George Nichols, Salem Shipmaster and Merchant. By Martha Nichols. Salem: The Salem Press Company.

goods and some $40,000 in specie. He returned to Salem in 1801, after an absence of about twenty months, with bills of exchange on Boston for $65,000, together with bills of lading for a cargo worth $10,000. He was twenty-three years old in that year.

The old sea captain's interests were mainly of a business character, but we get a glimpse of London in 1800. It is the London of Charles Lamb, who was then a clerk in the service of the East India Company. One evening Captain Nichols went to see George Frederick Cooke play Shylock at "the Covent Garden Theatre, where I saw the Royal family — George the Third, his wife and two or three daughters; one of whom, Princess Elizabeth, was very handsome, reminding me very much of Dolly Treadwell."

Another London experience is of interest to those who happen to own a Tobias watch. Telling his "watch story," Captain Nichols relates: "My next watch adventure was in London, where I had a gold watch made by one Tobias, a Jew, very much thought of by Americans, but an unprincipled man. It cost me $120." There is a certain Tobias watch that has been keeping time in one family for nearly sixty years. It came into the family in part payment of a debt, so that it has an earlier and unknown history. It was carried in a soldier's pocket through the Civil War. It went around the world and told time for the U. S. Transit of Venus expedition in 1874–5. It now keeps up with the intricacies of a college schedule. A high principled watch, surely!

When the War of 1812 broke out, Captain Nichols says he was worth $40,000 and was "quite a rich man for those times." One of the results of that war was the decline of the port of Salem, brought about by the loss of its ships to British privateers. The experience of Captain Nichols illustrates how effectually England drove American commerce off the high seas. Every ship in which he was interested was captured. Salem never recovered its commercial leadership. In 1826, both George Nichols and his father-in-law became bankrupt.

He had married, in 1801, his cousin, Sally Peirce, daughter of Jerathmiel Peirce, also a shipping master, and grandfather of Benjamin Peirce, the mathematician. The marriage took place "in my Father Peirce's great eastern room. Sally's dress was a beautiful striped muslin, very delicate, made in Bombay for some distinguished person. I purchased it of Nasser Vanji, at five dollars per yard. This muslin Sally wore over white silk. Her head-dress was a white lace veil put on turban fashion. Her cake, of which she had a great quantity, was made in a great bread tray by Nellie Masury, a sister of the late Deacon Punchard." Nasser Vanji was a Parsee, of Bombay. The Parsees are described as "some of the most intelligent people I have ever known, rich and very honorable in their dealings. The merchant, Nasser Vanji Monackjee, was a very fine man."

A charming story illustrates the character of Sally Peirce Nichols. "I shall never forgot the beautiful smile upon my wife's countenance when I told her I was bankrupt. She said: 'Is that all? I feared from your manner that you had something dreadful to communicate.'"

Sally Peirce Nichols inherited the house built in 1782 by her father, Jerathmiel Peirce, and designed by Samuel McIntyre. This house, with its hospitable gateway and door, its beauful hall, handsome drawing-room, and terraced garden behind, is one of the finest and best-preserved colonial houses in New England.

At the close of his well-told story, Captain Nichols says, with some pride, that he could recall the names of all the men who had ever sailed with him, both before and after he was master, and the names of all the persons with whom he did business abroad. To this good memory, we owe the preservation of the following old ballad, which was sung by one of the sailors from "down east" to cheer the men when the ship was becalmed:

SWEET WILLIAM.

"Sweet William, he married a wife,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
To be the sweet comfort of his life,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Jenny could n't card, nor Jenny could n't spin,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
For fear of hurting her gay gold ring,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Jenny could n't brew, nor Jenny could n't bake,
Gentle Jennie, cried Rose Marie,
For fear of soiling her white apron tape,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Jenny could n't into the kitchen to go,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
For fear of hurting her high-heeled shoe,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Sweet William came whistling in from plaow,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And, 'Oh, my dear wife, is my dinner ready, naow?'
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"She called him a dirty, paltry whelp,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
'If you want any dinner, go get it yourself,'
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Then to the sheepfold quickly he did go,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And out a fat wether from there did pull,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Then down on his knees he began for to stick,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And from the sheep's back the skin did strip,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"He laid the skin upon his wife's back,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And with a good stick he went whicketty whack,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"'I'll tell me fayther and all me kin,'
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
How still the quarrel you 've begun,'
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

'You may tell your fayther and all your kin,'
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
'How I have thrashed my fat wether's skin,'
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"Sweet William came whistling in from plaow,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And 'Oh, my dear wife, is my dinner ready naow?'
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"She drew her table and spread her board,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And 'Oh, my dear husband,' was every word,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

"And now they live free from all care and all strife,
Gentle Jenny, cried Rose Marie,
And now she makes William a very good wife,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree."

This sailor's song is an American variant of "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin," No. 277 of Francis J. Child's "English and Scottish Ballads," there described as a ballad based on the old Tudor prose tale of the "Wife Lapped in Morrel's Skin." The American song is clearly derived from extant Scottish versions, one of which is called "Sweet Robin."

I may add that Captain Nichols not only remembered the words of his sailor's song, but he could sing it.

One of the choicest gems of my collection of American ballads and songs is the quaint eighteenth century melody of "Sweet William."

MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

HERR HERMAN BEHR, a German-American, has devoted his leisure hours to the translation into German of choice specimens of English poetry, and now publishes the result (together with some pieces of his own) in a volume called "Perlen Englischer Dichtung in Deutscher Fassung." Some of the pieces from Shelley and Keats, in particular, are very beautifully done, and the volume shows once more how finely receptive the German language is of the poems of other tongues.

A NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

It is necessary to rewrite the history of a people at intervals, not only in order to bring the record of its achievements nearer to the present, but also in order to present any modification in point of view which a more critical examination of the sources of information may afford. Moreover, a restatement of the facts and conclusions of historical compositions belonging to a decade or more in the past is called for by changes that have taken place in the vocabulary and forms of expression of the language. New terms and new connotations of old terms make a rephrasing of the events of the past desirable from time to time, in order that their significance may fit with greater freedom the changes in the consciousness of the popular mind.

In some measure all of these considerations justify the appearance of Mr. Arthur D. Innes's new History of England. Like its classic predecessor by J. R. Green, this volume of a thousand pages is not a text-book in the ordinary sense. It is designed for those who, outside the restrictions of the school, love to read the history of a great people for what it shows of human achievement and for what it inspires by its portraiture of a great national spirit. Mr. Innes very appropriately recognizes Green's "Short History" as "incomparable in its kind." With this judgment most readers will agree. Green possessed, beyond the endowment of most professional historians, the literary talent. His personal correspondence, like that of a Lowell or a William Vaughn Moody, is charged with the *élan* of a true man of letters. His story of the English, expanding under the impulse of their native Teutonic energy, is so sympathetically human that it touches the springs of appreciation even in those who are accustomed to regard history as dry. Green, too, stands alone in his expression of the feeling that the development of their literature has been a part of the life history of the English people as inevitable and characteristic as their religion and politics.

Mr. Innes's aim has been different from Green's, both in method and treatment. His purpose has been to write the history of the British nation, not the life of the English people. Green wrote his history in ten chapters, concluding his story proper with the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. In an Epilogue of nine

* A HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By A. D. Innes. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

paragraphs he carries the narrative hurriedly forward to 1873. Mr. Innes, apparently for very logical reasons, handles the history of the nation under a division of seven books. The subject of Book I. is "Nation Making," and extends the narrative as far as 1272, a period which Green covers in his first three chapters. Roman Britain, which Green incidentally notices in three paragraphs, occupies the first five pages of Mr. Innes's work. His treatment of events culminating in Magna Charta and the subsequent contest between Henry III. and Simon de Montfort prepares the reader for Book II., on "National Consolidation." The period of the Tudors, which Green interprets in two fine chapters on "The New Monarchy" and "The Reformation," is the theme of Mr. Innes's third book, a period which he regards as "The Age of Transition." The weakness and retrogression of the two reigns between Henry VIII. and Elizabeth are presented under the title of "In Deep Waters." Book IV. embraces the seventeenth century controversy between the Puritans and the Stuart faction, the story of the Commonwealth, and the reign of William III. Chapter XIX., entitled "Nemesis," is one of the most spirited in the book. Under three divisions, playfully christened "Quem Deus vult perdere," "Prius dementat," and "Fulfilment," we are told of the incapacity, the fatuity, and the overthrow of James II. In Book V. the author moves forward to the consideration of "The British Empire." Great events are blended with great personalities. Marlborough inherits the foreign policy of William III.; Walpole, the "inevitable minister," develops his "system" of managing for twenty years the parliamentary constituencies; Clive and Dupleix fight out the English and French conflict for the control of India; Pitt supports an alliance with Frederick the Great and wins New France; George III. and his Tory supporters triumph over the Whig sympathizers of Burke and Chatham and split off the American Colonies from the Empire. The author's account of this last event, though lacking the philosophic vision with which Green views the American revolt, probably states the case of the contest with fairness of judgment. Speaking of the situation precipitated by the British defeat at Saratoga, he says:

> "There was nothing in itself irretrievable about the disaster. A Chatham, bent on a vigorous prosecution of the war, would have found troops and officers numerous and capable enough to vanquish the Americans in the field in the simple duel. But after Saratoga the war ceased to be a duel. It became a struggle between Great Britain and a group of combatants who joined together for her destruction. She had sown the wind in the long years of incompetent and wrong-headed administration; now she was to reap the whirlwind. The Peace of Paris had left her with no friend in Europe and with one implacable foe. That foe, France, . . . desired nothing better than an opportunity of striking a blow at the rival who had defeated her."

The author approaches the "Era of Revolutions," in Book VI., by a clear exposition of the economic and social reforms which William Pitt sought to introduce. England was the first State of Europe to become receptive to liberal ideas of taxation and reciprocal trade benefits. Adam Smith had shown that taxation operates to restrain trade; that, therefore, taxation should be imposed exclusively for revenue. In the face of an enormous war debt, Pitt, as prime minister, had the courage to propose the surrender of the age-old policy of heavy trade restrictions, and trust to the theory of lowered duties as a means of replenishing the impoverished finances of the country. English inventive genius was displacing the old domestic methods of manufacture with the factory system, and Pitt saw that England might greatly profit by the cultivation, through milder duties, of a foreign market for her machine-made goods.

> "The passing of the old ideas of commercial policy was illustrated when Pitt negotiated a commercial treaty with France in 1786. Each country had hitherto followed a policy of excluding the other's goods. No one since 1713 had attempted in practice to traverse that principle. . . . Fox denounced the treaty on the ground that France, our hereditary foe, would profit by it. A few years later Fox was less ready to denounce our hereditary foe. The French denounced the treaty because they profited by it a good deal less than the British."

Pitt, the pioneer of free trade, was thwarted in his plans for fiscal and political reform by the exigency of war. It was reserved to William Huskinson, another disciple of Adam Smith, to press upon the nation the application of free trade principles. His "Reciprocity of Duties Act," in 1823, led within six years to the conclusion of as many as fifteen reciprocity treaties with foreign countries, and the old Navigation laws were doomed. Huskinson stimulated English manufactures and the national wealth by beginning the admission of raw material at greatly reduced duties. The policy of free trade, completed by the budgets of Mr. Gladstone in 1860, has maintained itself as English tariff orthodoxy ever since. The only serious challenge it has received was the proposal of Joseph Chamberlain, in 1903, to stimulate imperial consolidation by means of a preferential market for colonial goods, a proposal that was not approved at the polls, and has not succeeded

in making a serious place for itself in party politics.

Mr. Innes's exposition of British political parties is straightforward and lucid:

"Modern party terminology makes it difficult to employ necessary words and phrases without conveying misapprehension. Two great parties have appropriated to themselves respectively the complimentary epithets of Liberal and Conservative, although there is no sort of opposition between Conservatism and Liberalism. Leaders of the Liberal party have been men of essentially conservative mind; leaders of the Conservative party have been men of the broadest sympathies."

This is a good characterization. The genius of British party politics lies in the historic balance of agreement that remains after all party differences have been given their proper weight. Canning, as the author points out, a disciple of Pitt and Burke, opposed parliamentary reform to the end of his life. Peel's early conservatism gradually developed into the most liberal sympathies, culminating in his complete conversion to free trade and the ultimate fusion of the Peelites with the Liberal party. This evolutionary spirit of British political life is likewise illustrated by the career of Peel's great disciple, Gladstone, who is thus characterized:

"Like his master, Peel, he spent his life in assimilating one after another ideas to which he had at first been strongly antagonistic. His weakness lay in that excessive subtlety which made it very easy for him to persuade himself that what he had come to regard as morally right was demonstrably expedient, and that what he realized as expedient was warranted by the highest moral sanctions. . . . It will always be recognized that he imported into politics an insistence upon the doctrine that the highest morality is always the highest expediency, which has given him a unique position among the practical politicians of history."

Mr. Innes incorporates within his narrative fairly adequate accounts of the progress of the several British colonies, of Canada and South Africa in particular. The recent development of Australia and New Zealand is scarcely noticed. His readers will be pleased with the short but well-written chapters on the industrial advance of the English people. For the success of this phase of the work the appearance of the author's excellent little book on "England's Industrial Development" a year ago was a sufficient guarantee. Unlike Green, he is not uniformly satisfactory in his sections which deal with the progress of England's literature. His remarks on English writers are not so interesting as Gardiner's. His best characterization is that of Chaucer; Shakespeare and Milton should have had a more adequate treatment. Tennyson is given a short but fairly representative critical estimate. Browning is merely mentioned as Tennyson's rival, who had to wait many years for "popular recognition." An Epilogue gives an outline of parliamentary enactments up to 1911. The reader is given a very satisfactory notion of the present tendencies of British social politics under the lead of Mr. Lloyd George and Premier Asquith.

In its wealth of illustrations this new history of the British surpasses any of its predecessors. These illustrations are well chosen for their purpose of deepening the impression of contemporary life and events. The author maintains a uniformity of style, which is that of a discriminating historical student whose object is to present the story of those events that make up the best part of British history, without any attempt to adorn the story. The nearness of events which it includes, as well as its modern tone, will make the book a welcome addition to the library of the general reader. L. E. Robinson.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Italy.*

Mrs. Hugh Fraser is as passionately in love with Rome and Italy, where her early life was passed, as was her brother, the late Francis Marion Crawford; and, like him, she knows how to write with understanding and an infectious enthusiasm about the Eternal City, its history and legends, its storied haunts and its perennial charm. In her latest work, "Italian Yesterdays," issued in two generous volumes, she continues and amplifies the early memories partly rehearsed in her "Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife," and interweaves therewith a good deal of ancient and mediæval and modern history and tradition. In fact, these interwoven threads of historic research make up considerably more of the total fabric than does the warp of personal reminiscence for which the reader is inclined to search with especial eagerness. One follows with keener interest her stories of childhood, her accounts of things seen, her impressions of Rome and its environs, than her sketch of the founding of the city ("on that memorable 21st of April, 754 B. C."—our schoolbooks used to give the date as 753), her dissertation on the deities of ancient Rome, her chapter on the last days of the apostles, her epitome of the life of St. Gregory, or even her entertaining pages on Queen Joan of Naples. Somewhat in the nature of padding these excursions into history and biography might be called, if "padding" were not so unkind a

*Italian Yesterdays. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

word, and if this space-filling matter, rather good of its sort, to be sure, did not compose the bulk of the book. Even a subject so seemingly remote from Mrs. Fraser's own "yesterdays" as the Man in the Iron Mask is dragged in and made to furnish substance for two chapters, while the Bravi of Venice, picturesque personages, it is true, supply material for another. But as long as these miscellaneous topics interest our author, we are willing to renew our own interest in them under the impulse of their attractiveness to her and the freshness of her manner of handling them.

As in her immediately preceding book, so in this there is occasional interesting mention of her gifted brother, and in all such mention her admiration and sisterly adoration of him are manifest. The story of his acquisition of the castle of San Nicola, on the rocky coast of Calabria, where many of his novels were written, is told at some length and with details not lacking in local color. The purchase seems to have been made on the spur of the moment and with little computation of the property's real value in money; for, as the narrator says of her brother, he "could never resist the call of fortressed solitudes." The conclusion of the whole affair is thus put into a single paragraph:

"To tell the truth it was not the money side of the matter which distressed my sister-in-law so much as the prospect of being required to come and pass weeks at a time in this grim dungeon, without a single convenience of life, twelve miles from a market town, and of course lashed to the battlements by every Mediterranean storm. It took her some days to reconcile herself to the new acquisition — poor girl — but Marion had not made a mistake, after all. The family was not invited to San Nicola till he had made several journeys thither himself, with carpenters and materials, and when they did come they found that the lonely keep had been transformed internally to a quite possible dwelling—though certainly an inconveniently isolated one. Generally, however, he went there alone, to rest from everything connected with modern life, and he found it a fine, quiet place for writing, at any rate."

Mrs. Fraser knows her Italy from Piedmont to Apulia, and her pictures of its people and their varying characteristics in different regions show her to be an observing traveller. The following is worth quoting in this connection.

"As one travels southward the character of the people changes, and in the later years of my life I have felt more at home with my fellow-beings of the South than with the inhabitants of Romagna. Their outlook is simpler, more indulgent, and their religious faith far more fervent. I think the Southern custom of going on pilgrimages was a very valuable one to the contadini of the 'Regno.' It used to be rare to find middle-aged people of the labouring class in the province, who had not travelled a little in that way and thus learnt that the world was not confined to their own small town or hamlet. I suppose the good custom will die out in time, like so many others, but it will not suffer much diminution while such wonderful new centres of attraction spring up as, for instance, the 'Santuario' of New Pompeii, which I described in a former book ['Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife']. But many an unforgotten shrine in the remote hills has, like La Mentorana in the Sabines, its one day or night of glory in the year, when the peasants come in great bands, even from far away, and the chants and litanies go up all night long in and around some dim old Church. Such a festival takes place at San Salvatore in the Abruzzi, in the late summer, and is the scene of a great gathering of the people of the Penisola Sarrentina."

As will have been surmised from the foregoing, the religious faith of the Italian people, their Church and all it means to them, fail not to impress Mrs. Fraser. In a passing reference to her own spiritual experience, she says: "I remember writing to the great French Prelate who received me into the Church, that I felt like a beggar suddenly admitted into the palace of his King, dazzled with the warmth and splendour, yet utterly ignorant of which way to turn or how to comport himself in those august surroundings." She regrets that "so many, indeed, are utterly unconscious that there is anything to know beyond the few distorted facts doled out in non-Catholic schools, that even the most unassuming effort to share these riches with them may be useful and welcome." It is evident, then, in spite of a little lack of clearness in her mode of expression, that the writer is in the proper mental attitude to receive and to transmit to her sympathetic readers the impression of the mystery, the charm, "the holy glory," as she words it, of Catholic Rome. In her backward glance at the life of "our blessed Pius IX.," she dwells with fondness on his kindness and generosity to the poor, and is pleased to believe that "justice had nothing to blush for in the Rome of those days, and the poor could obtain it as promptly and easily as the rich." Here is a little anecdote of that blissful period:

"One day the Holy Father, walking in the Quirinal Gardens, passed a sentry on duty. The man silently held out a loaf of bread for his inspection. Pius took it, examined it, and asked one question, 'Do you always get bread as bad as this?' 'Always, Santo Padre,' was the reply. A sudden descent on the Commissariat department showed that he had spoken the truth. When the sun rose again the cheating commissary was repenting of his sins in prison. There is a beautifully practical side to autocratic government!"

As a further example of the writer's style in summoning up the past for our instruction or entertainment, or both, we quote a passage from her chapter on "Naples under Murat":

"For Naples was gay in those days. People saw light

ahead after the years of gloom. Hunger had vanished; real hunger, at any rate. The King's public works gave employment. Uniforms glittered everywhere. To their minds, Naples was a Paris in miniature, so the lights shone and the world danced and played on, music lay over the place in a rainbow web of sound, and the blue sea smiled at the stars."

Rather for her pages of personal experience than for her divagations into various eras of the Italian past do we, as already indicated, value Mrs. Fraser's book. As the wife of a diplomat subject to transfer at any time from one quarter of the globe to another, she has seen much of the world and the world's celebrities, and when she writes of her past she seldom fails to command the reader's attention.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

NEW STUDIES OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.*

The recent revival of interest in the Monroe doctrine has called into existence two noteworthy contributions to the literature of this, the oldest and most cherished of our foreign policies. The first of these, Professor Hiram Bingham's "The Monroe Doctrine: An Obsolete Shibboleth," is a vigorous attack upon a traditional policy which President Cleveland once declared in his Venezuela message to be "important to our peace and safety as a nation and essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government."

As the result of a long and careful study of Latin-American conditions, both from reading and extensive travel, Mr. Bingham has reached the conclusion that the United States has outgrown the Monroe doctrine, and should therefore abandon its principles. After a brief description of the origin and early applications of this doctrine as a legitimate means of protection against European aggression and land hunger, the author turns his attention to what he calls the "new Monroe doctrine." The application of the Monroe doctrine to the Venezuelan boundary dispute, the frequent acts of interference in the domestic quarrels of South American republics, the receivership in San Domingo, the *coup d'état* in Panama, and the Lodge Resolution of 1912, are cited as examples of the extent to which the doctrine has been enlarged beyond its original intent and purpose to mean a policy of intervention and interference, and also as showing the degree to which Latin-Americans are justified in regarding this policy as an attempt of the United States to establish a suzerainty over the Western hemisphere. Professor Bingham emphasizes with striking clearness the fact that Argentina, Brazil, and Chile have within the past decade experienced a remarkable economic and political growth, the importance of which is realized by few citizens of the United States. Consequently, these powers are no longer in need of our "patronizing we-will-protect-you-from-Europe attitude"; a feeling of deep resentment and ill-concealed antagonism has been aroused among the Latin Americans; while the leading countries of South America "are already on the road toward a kind of triple alliance with the definite object of opposing the encroachments of the United States." Perhaps the most effective argument for the abandonment of this "antiquated policy" is that it places a great responsibility upon the United States, and of necessity involves a disregard for the most generally accepted rules of international law. By letting it be known to Europe that we will not permit any interference in American affairs, our government virtually assumes all the responsibility, and becomes the international policeman for the Latin part of the Western hemisphere. Adherence to this "obsolete shibboleth" is likewise a drawback to American commerce, for international trade is largely a matter of sentiment, and it is difficult to sell goods to those who distrust and dislike you. Finally, from the standpoint of the world's peace and happiness, and for the advancement of civilization in the New World, the policy of the United States should be one of coöperation, rather than of tutelage and intervention.

With the abandonment of the Monroe doctrine, Professor Bingham suggests that the United States should take every possible step to assure the South Americans of our friendship and goodwill; and that for the preservation of order and for protection against European aggressiveness, the policy of the Monroe doctrine should give way to a settlement of these common matters by a congress of leading American powers. Professor Bingham has spent much time on the Southern Continent, and he has made a careful study of Latin-American governments and peoples. For this reason he is peculiarly well fitted to set forth the ideas of those American citizens who are coming to feel that there is little justification for the Monroe doctrine, at least in its present form.

* THE MONROE DOCTRINE: An Obsolete Shibboleth. By Hiram Bingham. New Haven: Yale University Press.

DIE MONROEDOKTRIN in ihren Beziehungen zur amerikanischen Diplomatie und zum Völkerrecht. Von Dr. jur. Herbert Kraus. Berlin: J. Guttentag.

The second contribution is a treatise entitled "Die Monroe Doktrin," by Dr. Herbert Kraus, a German scholar who prosecuted his studies at Harvard University and whose work is dedicated to Professor J. B. Moore, now Counsellor of the Department of State. This treatise is the most comprehensive, scientific, and scholarly study that has ever been made of the Monroe doctrine, and is an excellent example of what German patience and scholarship can accomplish. It is somewhat singular, if not discreditable to American scholarship, that the most careful study dealing with the greatest of American foreign policies should have been done by a foreigner. Most American studies of the Monroe doctrine have either been of a popular character or they have dealt with particular phases of the subject. This is the first treatise which deals with the historical development of the policy from its beginnings during Washington's administration to its latest application by the Lodge Resolution of 1912 in regard to Magdalena Bay, and which considers the subject in all its bearings and ramifications. The chapter on "The Monroe Doctrine of the Present" contains a keen analysis of the meaning of the policy; and the discussion of the relation of the Monroe doctrine to international law presents it in a light in which Americans do not often see it. The whole work shows abundant evidence that the author has consulted an enormous mass of documentary materials, and the bibliographical apparatus which he furnishes will be a valuable guide for the use of students.

JAMES W. GARNER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Open letters of an English bookman.

Not all of us have the pleasure of reading regularly "The British Weekly," with its editorial utterances under the heading, "The Correspondence of Claudius Clear," and therefore we hail with satisfaction the goodly volume bringing together some noteworthy selections from this correspondence under the title, "A Bookman's Letters" (Doran). The name of the author, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, is enough to ensure the quality of the book at the outset, and repeated borings into the literary mine never fail to bring up rich ore. Among themes wisely and wittily treated are the subject of biography, the centenary of Emerson and the secret of Emerson, memories of Meredith, the question whether Thackeray was a cynic, the conversation of Edmund Burke, the troubles of the essayist, gravy (literary rather than literal), learning to read, the art of the reviewer, memories of Mark Rutherford, and the acacias of Lausanne (under which Gibbon walked on that memorable night when he finished his great work). Here is the writer's list of the six best biographies: Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brontë," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," Froude's "Carlyle," and Lord Morley's "Gladstone." He throws out Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" because "it deals with a hopelessly second-rate man"; but the imperishable charm of the biography remains unaffected by Sterling's failure to achieve greatness, while on the other hand not even Carlyle's commanding genius can make us overlook Froude's misleading and often deliberately false presentation of the materials of his biography. Gravy, such as Dickens knew so well how to provide, thick and savoury, Sir Robertson Nicoll regrets to find furnished too scantily by modern authors, though he praises some of them for being at the same time never unctuous and never dry and wooden. There is a rich store of good reading, especially for bookmen, in these "Bookman's Letters," a few of which, it should be added, are from other sources than the above-named.

Quebec and its people.

Mr. Beckles Willson, already the author of several readable books on various phases of Canadian life or history, now gives us an account of "Quebec: The Laurentian Province" (Stokes). The book is distinctly devoted to Quebec and its people of to-day, and in the main may be accepted as a reasonably accurate statement of the life and problems of the French province. As with most other writers on the subject, Mr. Willson pauses on the threshold to marvel at the fecundity of the French-Canadians, who began their career as an isolated community within the British Empire in 1763 with a population of 69,000 souls, and solely by natural increase have expanded to a total of 1,600,000 within the province, and at least half a million more outside Quebec. Surely the French-Canadians are a people after Colonel Roosevelt's own heart! One notices an occasional mistake in the book, such as the confusion between the Governor-General of Canada *per se* and what is known as the Governor-General-in-Council. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and the judges of the superior, district, and county courts, are not appointed by the Governor-General, as stated on page 5, but by the Governor-General-in-Council. The Governor-General, as the King's representative, has no more power of appointment, beyond his own household, than the King possesses in England. When he signs the commission of a provincial governor or a judge he does it, theoretically on the advice of his cabinet, but practically merely as their figurehead, and in that sense he is spoken of as the Governor-General-in-Council. The point is an important one, as it involves the vital question of self-government in Canada, very generally misunderstood outside the Dominion. The actual head of the government in Canada is not the Governor-General, but the Prime Minister. For all practical purposes Canada is an independent nation, with a Prime Minister as her

ruler. Mr. Willson also, in his anxiety to deal impartially with the extremely delicate point of the relations between French and English in the Province of Quebec, contradicts himself, and scarcely does justice to the attitude of the English minority. Apart from these points, however, the book is a fair and satisfactory treatment of the subject.

The psychology of prestige.

Mr. Lewis Leopold, a new writer, has made a specially fortunate choice of subject. The conception of his book on "Prestige" (Dutton) is itself a deserving act of the creative imagination in realizing that the theme is worthy of a volume,— presumably the only volume bearing this title. The sub-title is "A Psychological Study of Social Estimates." The work is most unevenly written, its fundamental difficulty being the absence of a sufficiently definite plan of procedure and an equal absence of the fundamental descriptive data upon which the interpretation depends. Accordingly the work is maintained on too abstract a level, and without the knitting of chapter to chapter necessary to the unity of texture of a complex product. In considering the economic values of prestige, the author more nearly meets these requirements than elsewhere. No chapter is devoid of suggestive principles and clever applications, though frequently marred by irrelevant matter and by the statement of conclusions without relations to their supporting premises. Despite this discursive and in a measure disconnected method of presentation, the general impression of the volume carries a distinct appreciation of the theme in its manifold relations. The fact that prestige represents a psychic asset; that it seems to be one of the first creations of primitive society, where, indeed, it was often maintained with a drastic severity; that in course of time it takes on an elaboration of pomp and ceremony; that it furnishes the central motive to social ambition; that it keeps apart class and class; that it plays an enormous rôle in the development of the diplomacy of nations and in the narrower diplomacy of family affiliations; that it finds other expressions in hero-worship and in fields so different as those of love and of religion, of economics and of reputation, of credit and even of crime,— all these aspects serve to round out the conception of the comprehensive influences for which the word stands. It is interesting to recall that the etymology of the word points back to the conjuring type of imposition in which appearance replaces reality. That prestige may be utilized to govern by pretence in the absence of the usual qualities whose reward it represents, is not the least suggestive principle in its psychology.

American notes of a friendly Englishwoman.

Impressions, mostly flattering, of America and Americans are breezily and readably recorded by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie (the hyphen seems to be a late growth) in her book, "America as I Saw It" (Macmillan), which embodies in amplified form her articles written for the New York "Times" on the occasion of her third visit to this country, in the autumn of 1912. It makes a good companion volume to Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Your United States," neither book being likely to generate head-aches by reason of excessive seriousness or depth of thought. Mrs. Tweedie's amiable manner is somewhat of the slap-dash, exaggerative, popularly effective variety, with occasional resort to that rather cheap appeal to the eye which consists in excessive subdivision of the page into paragraphs. Americans in general and Americans in particular, as seen in New York, Chicago, Boston, and Washington, furnish matter for the bulk of her volume, and her disposition to be pleased with whatever and whomsoever she encounters endears her to the cis-Atlantic reader. It is gratifying to be assured by her that "American voices are improving," that "in another generation that old twang will have entirely disappeared," and that "many of the modern American voices are charming." And it is wholesome to read her ridicule of the American Sunday newspaper, even though she does go to excess in asserting that "if one bought three of them at a railway station to-day, it would require a wheelbarrow to trundle them along the platform." Four things struck her particularly in Chicago, "its size, its women's clubs, its stockyards, and its grime." But she calls the city "cultured Chicago," and praises especially the Art Institute. For Boston, too, she has a good word, but she goes astray in representing it as "built on piles like Chicago"; Back Bay is not all of Boston. Many illustrations accompany her lively narrative.

American and British federal systems.

The spread of the Federal system of government throughout the world was one of the remarkable political movements of the nineteenth century; and the late Professor Sidgwick once predicted that we would see a further extension of the system in Europe, where it has already gained a foothold in Germany and Switzerland. It was the opinion of John Fiske that it was the only kind of government which, according to modern ideas, is applicable to a whole continent. Already it embraces a portion of the globe equal to three times the area of Europe, and is now to be found in one form or another in Germany, Switzerland, various Latin-American countries, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, South Africa, and Australia. In a work entitled "The Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire" (Little, Brown & Co.), Mr. Arthur P. Poley, an English barrister, has attempted to give an account of the federal systems of the four countries last mentioned, and to point out the elements of difference and resemblance which distinguish each from the others. His sketch of the American government embraces more than one-third of his treatise; and while it is not without value, it cannot be regarded as authoritative. The author falls into many errors, as foreign students of our institutions frequently do. He detects striking

resemblances between our federal system and some of the Greek federations of ancient times, and thinks that the "Federalist" affords evidence that the framers of our constitution were consciously affected by the Greek experiments. Of more value to American students are his chapters on the Canadian, Australian, and South African federal systems, although these chapters too are more or less sketchy and elementary. He bestows high praise upon the Australian Constitution, which he characterizes as a work of the greatest skill, and which more than any of the other English federations is modelled upon that of the United States.

Friendly counsel on the art of life.

That greatest of arts, the art of life, can never be too much written about by those who understand its difficulties and problems. Hence the never-failing timeliness of such books of ripe reflection and wise counsel as the volume by Miss Agnes Edwards entitled "Our Common Road" (Houghton). This universal highway is viewed in a fourfold aspect, as leading "to the fountain of joy," "to the house of friendship," "to gray hills and green," and "to the land of reflection." Under these headings the matter is grouped in subordinate sections, each with its appropriate caption. Anyone ought to get benefit from pondering the following: "Critics tell us that the purest art is that which moves within the strictest limitations. Too many advantages may be the greatest of disadvantages, and difficulties may prove blessings. If you spend your life looking for favorable circumstances, you will have no life to live when you find them. But if you give your life generously and nobly through whatever channel is opened, you will be a success. For success lies in endeavor as much as in achieving." Good advice on tact and presence of mind is to be found in the writer's well-considered pages. One way not to show tact is thus illustrated: "The well-intentioned woman who remarked at a dinner that she had always heard that twins were not so bright as other people, experienced a most painful moment when her right-hand neighbor gravely turned his eyes upon her and said with unmistakable clearness: 'I am a twin.'" As the writer remarks, "the only person who can save the situation is the person whom it hits." Despite the questionable aptness of this metaphor, the style of the book is generally excellent, and it is a pleasure to commend it.

A sketch of psychological history.

The sense of a past is rapidly finding expression in the literature of psychology. Within a single year two handbooks surveying its history have been translated from the German; and a third work is now added in Dr. James Mark Baldwin's "History of Psychology" (Putnam), comprising two small volumes of a series devoted to the history of the sciences. Locke forms the point of division between the volumes devoted to ancient and to modern psychology respectively. The treatment has many points of merit, and better represents the perspective of interest in the line of thought central to English-speaking students than either of the translated works of Klemm or Dessoir. Had the work been designated as a history of psychological theory it would have deserved a fuller commendation than can be extended to it as an account of the story of the science of the mind. Frankly reviewed in the former aspect, it succeeds in setting forth an illuminating conception of the growth from a primitive accounting in terms of animistic conceptions, to the rationalized scientific statement of problems and the development of methods for their solution. The course enters several stages and emerges from them with the difficulties attending schools and theories, entangled with vital views of ethics, philosophy, and religion. "Subjective and Objective," "Spiritual and Material," "Faculties and Processes,"—these are some of the titles suggesting the emphasis of view and of explanation. The science of the soul loses the soul and regains it in altered form, the most comprehensive transformation being that affected by the introduction of the evolutionary conception. As a brief and readable guide to this domain, Dr. Baldwin's work will meet the needs of the student. It is weakened by the selection of points of emphasis according to the special interests of the writer, and by an irrelevant insistence upon the novelty of the positions taken. Its field is the philosophical aspect of psychological theory. While including the more strictly psychological problems, the exposition does not make these problems central or at times even vital.

Studies of the caribou of Newfoundland.

Readers of Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore's accounts of his sporting expeditions with the camera will find even the high standard of these previous books surpassed in "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou" (Lippincott). For several summers Mr. Dugmore has stalked these majestic beasts in the forests and uplands of Newfoundland, creeping into their most secret haunts and recording their form and action on the sensitive plate of the camera. The photographs, over seventy in number, are a revelation of the success attainable by skill and indomitable patience in the rare sport of hunting with the camera. They are also valuable contributions to natural history, for they portray without exaggeration, omission, or prejudice the details of appearance and form, the natural habitat, and the normal attitudes and poses of these handsome animals. There is plenty of life and action in many of the pictures, for not infrequently the photograph could only be taken as the startled beasts were dashing away. The prize photograph records a battle royal between two well-matched fighting stags. The author deals rather fully with the scientific aspects of his subject, recording with fine discrimination many observations on the life and habits of the caribou, in especial the peculiar but very limited migrations which, in common with their more widely ranging relatives of the great

Barren Grounds of the north, they regularly carry out each recurring spring and autumn, on the island of Newfoundland. The camper and sportsman will find practical suggestions for his use, and a digest of the game laws for his warning and guidance. A good map, numerous sketches, and a well-constructed index add to the usefulness of the book.

A classic of the early Northwest.

The heroic death in battle of Theodore Winthrop, in the bright promise of his early manhood, imparts a romantic interest to his writings, among which his narrative of northwestern adventure, entitled by him "Klalam and Klickatat," but re-named by his publishers "The Canoe and the Saddle," is not the least important, being indeed comparable with Parkman's "Oregon Trail" as a picture of native life and primitive conditions in what was then an almost untrodden wilderness. This work, with its Indian name restored as sub-title, is now re-issued in elaborate illustrated and annotated form by Mr. John H. Williams, of Tacoma. As both editor and publisher, Mr. Williams deserves high credit for the diligence and study he has put into the work, securing for its enrichment the author's western journal and letters (the former never before made public, the latter now first published in full), and getting camera views and old prints and some fine colored illustrations to add to the book's attractiveness. Winthrop's narrative, which appeared half a century ago, and, after running through a number of editions in the next thirty years, has now for some time been out of print, is republished in its original form, save for a few corrections of typographical and other minor errors, and fills about three-quarters of Mr. Williams's octavo volume; the journal and letters, under the heading "California and the Northwest," occupying, with some notable appended matter, the remaining quarter. In its handsome binding, with vellum back and the Winthrop coat of arms on the cover, this greatly enriched re-issue of a noteworthy book makes an impressive appearance, and must be accounted a work of no small importance.

A new development in ethics.

Not many years ago the American public joined in a universal smile over the assertion of a life insurance magnate that the business which he represented was essentially a form of philanthropy. We refused to pay serious attention to the assertion, not because of any intrinsic absurdity discernible in it, but because the magnate had waxed inordinately fat in the practice of his chosen philanthropy. After all, it is only a survival of asceticism that leads us to assume that there is a necessary connection between the love of man and emaciation. If the life insurance business is philanthropy in a new form, the life insurance agent is a new kind of ethical teacher. Few of us have recognized him in this character; yet have we not felt, upon his approach, much as a wicked king of Israel must have felt upon the approach of an inspired prophet? Our troubled souls should have given us the clue to his true nature. The matter is now made clear in a passage in Professor W. F. Gephart's "Insurance and the State" (Macmillan): "The individual [any one of us] must be solicited, either to inform him what his duty is or to persuade him to do his known duty." This looks like a "Thou Shalt," put in the impersonal form of a German police regulation. The object of Professor Gephart's book is not, of course, the exposition of the ethical character of the insurance business. What the author seeks to do is to point out the advantages and disadvantages of State interference in the various fields of insurance, either through regulation or through direct conduct of the business. The reading of this judicious little book will leave one with no foolish enthusiasm for any particular form of insurance, whether public or private, but with a resolute zeal for insurance in general. As for the position of the author himself, he might safely have offered a reward to anyone who should be able to determine it with precision.

Chapters on Egyptian art.

Everything that contributes to a better understanding of the art of ancient Egypt is to be heartily welcomed by all students of antiquity. Sir Gaston Maspero's "Egyptian Art" (Appleton) gathers up that savant's essays "written during a period of more than thirty years, and published at intervals of varying lengths." They were never intended for the eye of experts, but for the general public. Twenty-five such papers, most of them brief, compose the volume; and each is descriptive of one or more pieces of Egyptian sculpture or other art-work here reproduced in superb half-tone plates. Such a compilation of course lacks the element of unity, and some of the material is repeated in two or more chapters. The real contribution which the author wishes to make is to prove that the art of Egypt was not one unique type, identical from one end of the valley to the other, but that there were a half-dozen local schools, each with its own traditions and its own principles and methods, though divided into several studios. For some years Sir Gaston has advanced this hypothesis; and, with the multiplicity of new finds, is slowly proving the truth of his theory. The most prolific sources of his illustrations are the Museum of Cairo, of which he is the head, and the Louvre in Paris. Though in no sense a new work, the author has so marshalled his material as to make it both cumulative in force and attractive in form.

From Ferrara to Ascoli.

Northern Italy has won the homage of many devoted hearts; but few of her lovers are so eloquent and so zealous as Mr. Edward Hutton. In his latest volume he carries the reader to some two score sites within the picturesque and storied field suggested by the title, "The Cities of Romagna and the Marches" (Macmillan). Naturally the interest is not uniform throughout, and only the most faithful can be expected to follow Mr. Hutton's footsteps into every

church and share his pleasure before every painting; but, on the whole, the book is delightful. The Introduction assumes the form of a human-hearted tale about the untutored people of a remote mountain hamlet who took a wandering painter for the "Signore"; and particularly about a child who hated him because his second coming meant the burning and spoiling of all that was dear to the childish heart. And in the rest of the book, despite dutiful cataloguing of shrines and pictures, the author himself obviously finds his deepest joy in the hearts of the people, in the human aspects of their history and faring, in the charm of hill and sea and sky. Mr. Hutton is not afraid to see with his own eyes, and one is very thankful for the trait; but the present reviewer would give something to know why such an ardent lover of art fails even to mention the superb Athena at Bologna, which is worth a score of the things he eulogizes,—indeed, it is one of the world's joys. But why should one seem to desire a quarrel with a book one is glad to recommend? There are twelve pleasing illustrations in color, and a goodly number in monotone, as well as a sensible map.

Trials and triumphs of a dancer's life.

A not unjustifiable pride in the success she has achieved sounds its note of jubilation through the pages of Miss Loie Fuller's "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life" (Small, Maynard & Co.), which enjoys the distinction of a most commendatory Introduction from the pen of M. Anatole France, and is enriched with the names of many other celebrities met with and more or less intimately known by the writer in the course of her professional travels on two continents. The story of her accidental discovery of her peculiar talent is interesting, and the account she gives of her début in New York as a dancer is characteristic. "When the audience discovered," she tells us, "that the new dancer was its old favourite comedian, the little soubrette of a former day, it gave me an ovation such as, I suppose, never another human being has received." Miss Fuller's artless exultation in her terpsichorean triumphs adds vivacity and charm to her narrative, which is one of the most eventful and entertaining of its kind. Pictures of the dancer in various professional poses, with other appropriate illustrations, are supplied in abundance.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mrs. Anne C. E. Allinson's "Roads from Rome" (Macmillan) is a very successful application of the informed imagination to certain personalities of Roman literature and phases of Roman civilization. If the title has any special justification it is that these sketches reveal the connecting pathways by which constant traits of human character have passed from the ancient Roman environment to that of the present day. Lucretius and Virgil, Catullus, Ovid, Propertius, and the younger Pliny are the more prominent characters brought upon the stage, and the words put into their mouths prove Mrs. Allinson's thorough acquaintance with their writings and her delicate appreciation of their respective mental and moral traits. We may add that no special knowledge of Roman history or literature is required to make the book intelligible.

One of the last pieces of work done by William Foster Apthorp, who died a few months ago, was to edit for the Oliver Ditson Co. a selection of "Forty Songs by Adolph Jensen" (1837–1880), the volume now appearing in the "Musicians' Library." Jensen's work is well deserving of this mark of appreciation, since he stands very close to Schumann, Schubert, and Franz among the masters of German song. Mr. Apthorp's introductory essay is mainly biographical, and leans somewhat heavily upon Niggli's book on Jensen. The editor has taken the liberty of altering two of the compositions to make them fit the English words of the Scott lyrics which the composer used in a German translation.

Long ago it seemed as though Canon Rawnsley, in his succession of volumes on the English Lakes, had exhausted nearly every possible aspect of the subject. But apparently some odds and ends still remained over, and these are utilized in his latest book, "Chapters at the English Lakes" (Macmillan). For the most part, these twelve chapters seem of little more than merely local interest. An exception, however, must be made in the case of the opening paper, on "The Life and Death of John Wordsworth," originally delivered as an address on the occasion of the unveiling of a tombstone to the memory of this noble man in Grasmere churchyard. Several well-reproduced photographs from scenery in the Lake Country adorn Canon Rawnsley's volume.

Different places have different moods or temperaments, distinguishable to the visitor of fine sensibilities. Mr. Verner Z. Reed even affirms that they have souls, and his book, "The Soul of Paris" (Lane), seeks to portray this spiritual quality characteristic of the French capital and of other places with which he is familiar. Following the chapter that gives its name to the book are eight others, on various haunts of men and solitudes of nature, all treated with a reverent love and a deep sympathy that show the author to be no mere holiday tourist turning the jottings of his notebook to literary account. Mr. Ernest Peixotto, whose art needs no appreciative comment from us, illustrates the book with nine beautiful drawings. Two of Mr. Reed's chapters have already found favor in "The Atlantic Monthly"; the others are new.

François-Xavier Garneau's "Histoire du Canada," published for the first time in 1845, remains to-day on the whole the best history of the country from the French point of view. Garneau's attitude on some points has not always commended itself to English-Canadian readers, but on the whole he wrote with reasonable impartiality even upon topics which in his day were almost too recent and too instinct with racial feeling to be handled with safety. His work covers the history of the country from the earliest times down to the Union of 1840. It ran through three editions in his own lifetime; a fourth edition appeared in Montreal in 1882, after his death, the text occupying three volumes, while a fourth was of a memorial character containing tributes to the historian by his friends. A translation by Andrew Bell appeared at Montreal in 1860. A fifth edition is now in course of publication (Paris: Félix Alcan), with an Introduction and elaborate notes by the historian's grandson, Hector Garneau, and a Preface by Gabriel Hanotaux. The first volume brings the history down to the colonization of Cape Breton, in 1744.

Notes.

Another of Rudolf Herzog's widely-read German novels is soon to be issued by Mr. Desmond FitzGerald in a translation entitled "The Song of Labor."

A new volume of poems by Mr. George Edward Woodberry, to be entitled "The Flight, and Other Poems," is promised for immediate issue by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. Brand Whitlock's reminiscences of the men and events with which he has been associated are to be published at once by Messrs. Appleton in a volume entitled "Forty Years of It."

Miss Leona Dalrymple's novel, "Diane of the Green Van," which won the prize of $10,000 in Messrs. Reilly & Britton Co.'s recent competition, will be published early next month.

Among the writers of fiction represented on Houghton Mifflin Co.'s Spring list are Arthur S. Pier, Demetra Kenneth-Brown, W. J. Hopkins, Judge Shute, Mary Heaton Vorse, and Elia W. Peattie.

Two novels soon to appear with Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.'s imprint are "The Substance of his House," by Mrs. Ruth Holt Boucicault, and "Sunshine Jane," by Mrs. Anne Warner French.

Three novels to be issued shortly by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. are: "A Lady of Leisure," by Miss Ethel Sedgwick; "Mrs. Brand," by Mr. H. A. Mitchell Keays; and "Sunrise Valley," by Miss Marion Hill.

What is sure to prove one of the most interesting biographies of the Spring season is announced in the life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which Mary Thacher Higginson is now preparing for Houghton Mifflin Co.

A collection of unpublished letters written by Dostoevsky will be published shortly by a German firm in Munich. They are said to throw much fresh light on the relations that existed between Dostoevsky and Turgenev.

Mr. H. G. Wells's exhilarating story, "The World Set Free," now appearing as a serial in "The English Review" and "The Century Magazine," will be published in book form early in March by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Of chief interest among an immediately forthcoming group of new titles in the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature" is "The Beautiful: An Introduction to Psychological Æsthetics," by Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget).

Lord Morley has made a book out of the address which he delivered some time ago before the University of Manchester. "Notes on Politics and History" is the title of the volume, and while the original talk has been kept as the basis, the work has been much amplified and revised.

We learn, by way of the London "Nation," that Mr. W. H. Furness is editing a collection of the addresses and miscellaneous writings of his father, the late Horace Howard Furness. He proposes also to issue a volume of Dr. Furness's letters, together with some form of biographical record.

Mr. Ernest Newman is already the author of two books about Wagner. He has now finished a third on the same composer. It tells the story of Wagner's life in the light of recent additions to our knowledge, a good deal being said about his various love affairs. Messrs. Dutton will publish the volume.

Three popular "Atlantic Monthly" serial features of the past few months soon to appear in book form are Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's "Confederate Portraits," Mrs. Elinore Rupert Stewart's "Letters of a Woman Homesteader," and the "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking" by Messrs. Bland and Backhouse.

In addition to his coming novel, "Les Anges," M. Anatole France has finished writing an account of his childhood which will supplement the stories to be found in "Le Livre de mon Ami" and "Pierre Nozière." The new book, which is to be called "Le Petit Pierre," will first appear as a serial in the "Revue de Paris."

Among the immediately forthcoming publications of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. we note the following: "Buddhist Stories," by Mr. Paul Dahlke; "Young Delinquents," a study of English reformatory and industrial schools, by Miss Mary G. Barnett; and a book of Canadian stories, "The Passing of Oul-i-but," by Mr. Alan Sullivan.

"The Titan," a new novel by Mr. Theodore Dreiser, is announced for publication this month by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Other February books of this house include "The Forester's Daughter," by Mr. Hamlin Garland; "The Idol-Breaker," a play, by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy; and "Religion and Life," by Dr. Elwood Worcester.

Jules Claretie had begun to publish his memoirs as a serial in the "Journal" shortly before his death. For some time past he had been in the habit of devoting a portion of each day to the work, and it is understood that he had made considerable progress. We may therefore expect a most interesting addition to the French literary memoirs of the nineteenth century.

The attention of historical students is directed to the fact that the Justin Winsor biennial prize of $200. for the best unpublished monograph in American history will be awarded this year. Manuscripts must be submitted on or before July 1. Full information regarding the conditions of award may be obtained from Professor Claude H. Van Tyne of the University of Michigan.

A book on the Keats relics at Hampstead, with an account of the portraits of Keats, and photographic facsimiles, is now in course of preparation. Every document will be transcribed in full, and annotated by Mr. Buxton Forman. Some of the later letters have never been transcribed. The edition, to be published by John Lane Company, will be a limited one on hand-made paper.

Among the titles on Messrs. Crowell's Spring list are the following: "The Commuter's Garden," a practical handbook for the suburban gardener; "Consumption: Its Cause, Cure, and Prevention," by Dr. Edward O. Otis; "The Message of New Thought," by Mr. Abel L. Allen; "How to Rest," by Miss Grace Dawson; "The Deaf: Their Position in Society," by Mr. Harry Best; "Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South," by Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean; a large type, thin-paper edition of Roget's "Thesaurus," edited by Mr. C. O. S. Mawson; and "Richard Wagner: The Man and His Work," by Mr. Oliver Huckel.

George Spring Merriam, a son of one of the brothers who founded the company which has long published Webster's Dictionary, died in Springfield, Mass., on January 23, aged seventy-one. He was graduated from Yale in 1864, and after studying theology, turned to literary work. For five years, from 1870 to 1875,

he was on the editorial staff of "The Christian Union" (now "The Outlook") under Henry Ward Beecher. Perhaps his best-known book is "The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles," in two volumes, published in 1885. He was also the author of "The Negro and the Nation," "The Man of To-day," and several other books.

Edwin Ginn, founder and head of the house of Ginn & Company, died on January 21. He was born at Orland, Maine, on February 14, 1838. Soon after receiving his degree from Tufts College, he established the school-book publishing business of which he has remained the head for nearly half a century. Besides performing a notable service in raising and maintaining the standards for school and college text-books in this country, Mr. Ginn was actively interested in various public-spirited movements — in particular the cause of international peace. Of late years a large share of his time and his fortune has been devoted to the World Peace Foundation, of which he was the founder. Great as is the loss which the American publishing trade sustains in his death, the loss to American citizenship is far greater.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1914.

Aeroplane and the Dirigible, Development of the. J. Bernard Walker . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Africa, North, and the Desert. G. E. Woodberry *Scribner*
Alpine Road of France, The. Henry Norman . . *Scribner*
American, The Too Adaptable. Sydney Brooks . *Harper*
American Woman and Her Home on a Business Basis. Christine Frederick . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Animals and Hibernation. W. L. Hahn . *Popular Science*
Apple Variation, Abnormalities in. W. J. Young *Pop. Science*
Athletics and Morals . . . . . *Atlantic*
Athletics and the College. C. A. Stewart . . . *Atlantic*
Athletics and the School. Alfred E. Stearns . . *Atlantic*
Bank Depositor, The. Vernice E. Danner . *Rev. of Revs.*
Boy Who Goes Wrong, The. H. Addington Bruce *Century*
Bulgaria after the Wars. B. C. Marsh *Review of Reviews*
Burns, From Bend to. Dallas Lore Sharp . . . *Atlantic*
Business, Better — III. William Hard . . . *Everybody's*
Butterflies, Black. Sadakichi Hartmann . . . . *Forum*
Central Park, A Philosopher in. Edward S. Martin *Harper*
Civil Service Reform and Commonsense. F. E. Leupp *Atlan.*
College Woman, The. Margaret Ball . . . . . *Forum*
Confederacy, A Northern Woman in the. Mrs. Eugene McLean . . . . . *Harper*
Convict, New Hope for the. Richard Barry . . *Century*
Corporate Reform, Democracy and. Robert E. Reed *Atlantic*
Corruption, A Cure for. Lincoln Steffens . *Metropolitan*
Country School, Opportunities of the. J. W. Strout *Pop. Sci.*
Creole Beauties. Julius Muller . . . . . *Century*
Dancing, The Philosophy of. Havelock Ellis . . *Atlantic*
Egypt, Reactions of a Traveller in. Jane Addams *Atlantic*
Equality in the United States. C. F. Emerick *Pop. Science*
Forbes-Robertson: An Appreciation. Richard Le Gallienne . . . . . *Century*
French Court Memories, 1877-8. Mme. Waddington *Scribner*
Genius at School. Edmund K. Broadus . . . . *Atlantic*
Healing the Sick, Team Work in. B. J. Hendrick . . . . . *World's Work*
Immigration, Racial Consequences of. E. A. Ross *Century*
Income Tax, The. James R. Merriam . *Review of Reviews*
India, The Heart of. E. F. Benson . . . . . *Century*
Italy, The Protestant in. Zephine Humphrey . *Atlantic*
Justice, A Picture of. George W. Alger . *World's Work*
Lincoln's Social Ideals. Rose Strunsky . . . . *Century*
Mexican Menace, The. W. Morgan Shuster . . *Century*
Mexico, With Villa in. John S. Reed . . . *Metropolitan*
Mitchel, John Purroy. Dudley F. Malone . *World's Work*
"Mona Lisas," The Two. Walter Littlefield . . *Century*
Motorized Highway Commerce. R. W. Hutchinson, Jr. *Scrib.*
National Museum of Safety, A. Gordon Thayer *Everybody's*
Natural Selection, Progress in the Study of. J. A. Harris . . . . . *Popular Science*
Nervous System, Origin and Evolution of the. G. H. Parker . . . . . *Popular Science*
New England Pole, The. Harry S. Brown . . . *Forum*
New York, In, with Nine Cents. A. M. Rihbany . *Atlantic*
New York City's Government by Experts. Albert Shaw . . . . . *Review of Reviews*
Nutall, Thomas, Geological Work of. Chas. Keyes *Pop. Sci.*
Philippine Question, The. William A. Reed . . *Forum*
Physical Laboratory, Contributions to Civilization of the. A. G. Webster . . . . . *Popular Science*
Poet, A, in a Fool's Cap. W. T. Larned . . . *Century*
Polar Exploration, Outlook in. C. F. Talman *Rev. of Revs.*
Presidency, Wilson's Theory of the. Lindsay Rogers *Forum*
Pulitzer, Joseph: Reminiscences of a Secretary. Alleyne Ireland . . . . . *Metropolitan*
Queensland, A Trooper of. Norman Duncan . . *Harper*
Robinson, Edwin Arlington. O. F. Theis . . . . *Forum*
Rubber, "Tame." H. C. Pearson . . . . *World's Work*
St. Paul, City Salvation and. George Creel . *Everybody's*
Science and Poetry. C. W. Super . . . *Popular Science*
Socialism — V. Morris Hillquit and J. A. Ryan *Everybody's*
Socialism and Economics. Richard D. Skinner . *Forum*
Street, The. Simon Strunsky . . . . . *Atlantic*
Street Traffic, Science of. Arno Dosch . *World's Work*
Surinam Jungle, Through the. Charles W. Furlong *Harper*
Tammany Hall, Twilight of. B. J. Hendrick *World's Work*
Temperament and the Stage. J. S. Hamilton . *Everybody's*
Theatre, The. Johnston Forbes-Robertson . . . *Century*
Theatre, The Eugenic. Victor Branford . . . . *Forum*
Trade-Unionism, Economic Necessity of. John Mitchell *Atl.*
Transcontinental Trails. Henry B. Joy . . . *Scribner*
War, The World's Last. H. G. Wells . . . . *Century*
White Slave, The. Brand Whitlock . . . . . *Forum*
White Slave Agitation, The. Havelock Ellis *Metropolitan*
Wilson as Wall Street Sees Him. C. M. Keys *World's Work*
Wood Engraving, Contemporary. William Walton *Scribner*
World-Man, The. Will Levington Comfort . . . *Forum*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[*The following list, containing 88 titles, includes books received by* THE DIAL *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope: A New Light on her Life and Love Affairs. By Frank Hamel. Illustrated in photogravure, large 8vo, 348 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $5. net.

A Pepys of Mogul India, 1653-1708: Being an Abridged Edition of the "Storia do Mogor" of Niccolao Manucci. Translated by William Irvine; abridged by Margaret L. Irvine. With frontispiece, large 8vo, 310 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

John Woolman, His Life and Our Times: Being a Study in Applied Christianity. By W. Teignmouth Shore. 12mo, 273 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Heroines of Modern Religion. Edited by Warren Dunham Foster. With portraits, 12mo, 275 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50 net.

HISTORY.

Hungary's Fight for National Existence; or, The History of the Great Uprising Led by Francis Rakoczi II., 1703-1711. By Ladislas Baron Hengelmuller. 8vo, 342 pages. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The Reconstruction of the New Colonies under Lord Milner. By W. Basil Worsfold. In 2 volumes, large 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net

A History of England and the British Empire. By Arthur D. Innes. Vol. II., 1485-1688. 12mo, 553 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Eighteen Nineties: A Review of Art and Ideas at the Close of the 19th Century. By Holbrook Jackson. Illustrated, large 8vo, 368 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.

A Bookman's Letters. By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. 8vo, 438 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.75 net.

Studies in Portuguese Literature. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. 12mo, 247 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Modern Parliamentary Eloquence: The Rede Lecture, 1913. By Earl Curzon of Keddleston. 8vo, 80 pages. Macmillan Co. $1. net.

English Travellers of the Renaissance. By Clare Howard. Illustrated, 8vo, 233 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence. By the Countess de Chambrun. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 276 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

The Modern Short-Story. By Lucy Lilian Notestein and Waldo Hilary Dunn. 12mo, 211 pages. A. S. Barnes Co.

The Vision of Anton. By Walter A. Dyer. 16mo, 20 pages Chicago: Brothers of the Book. Paper.

Some Other Things. By Charles Halsted Mapes. 12mo, 134 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1. net.

Considerations sur l'Art Dramatique a propos de la Comédie de Bernard Shaw. Par Augustin et Henriette Hamon. 16mo, 48 pages. Paris: Eugène Figuière & Cie. Paper.

Picture Tales from the Russian. By Valery Carrick; translated by Nevill Forbes. Illustrated, oblong 12mo, 119 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

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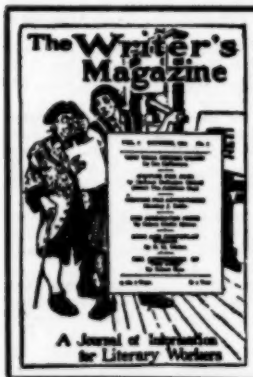

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